



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 30 – Number 4

August 2012

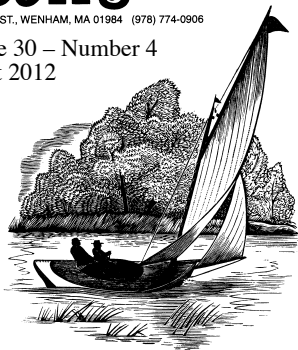
Special Features This Issue
The Savannah to Beaufort Classic Boat Rally
Everglades Forever – Springtime on the Salt
Toledo Light Tornado of '65
Odonata: A Freight Canoe Camper Cruiser



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

With the advent of the 2012 on-the-water season for most of us I have been giving more attention to how we cover various events of note. It's simple, really, we publish reports on small boat gatherings sent along by readers but no longer travel to them, for the most part, to bring you coverage. In bygone years we did go to more events within reach (day trips), and even traveled occasionally to far away gatherings on multi-day trips such as to the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at St Michaels, Maryland (ten-hour drive, four days away) and the Antique Race Boat Regatta at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York nine-hour drive, four days away).

It's been a long haul from our beginnings 30 years ago when we were on the go frequently attending activities we wished to learn more about and to introduce the magazine to participants. Today with that youthful (we were only in our early 50s!) vigor pretty much exhausted and replaced with the comforts of being closer to home most of the time, I have relinquished my boy reporter role to others motivated to tell us all about what went on wherever small boaters gathered.

The ongoing impact of internet coverage of activities in all fields of endeavor has also affected my outlook. While I am comfortable with our black and white photo coverage of projects, adventures, designs, etc., today one can view gatherings more rewardingly in full color on various websites or on YouTube or blog sites (if you know how to access them; i.e., what is it you are looking to see).

Photo coverage of gatherings of small boats are essentially galleries of all the interesting colorful boats, the actual activities are pretty much of interest to only those who attend. A couple of pages of black and white versions of original color photos on our pages just cannot convey the full experience of viewing all these craft on the internet.

One example will suffice here. No coverage of the May Cedar Key meet turned up here. But there is a great gallery of photos of many of the boats there at [http://www.hayes-](http://www.hayes-studios.com/)

[studios.com/](http://www.hayes-studios.com/). The Hayes Gallery has other topics on display also but scrolling through the choices to "Cedar Key" opens up what we want to see.

I'd hazard a guess that you can find similar coverage of other gatherings that may interest you by googling around until something turns up. I have learned that I gotta get real specific in such searching to avoid getting lost in a multitude of options. No doubt many of you are way ahead of me in all this.

For those not already aware (from my past commentaries) of why we do not go to color, it is not affordable. Color covers are turning up on some organizations' printed journals, but these are 28-page or so issues coming out four times a year. With membership dues higher than our subscription rate they offer 112 pages a year vs our 720, so they have some extra resources to pay for the color. We are stuck with black and white but much of our content (and there's a LOT of it!) is not badly served by this limitation.

We do get a number of color photos from readers, good stuff attached to emails, not on websites to which I could direct you. My limited understanding of how these might be disseminated to 2,500+/- of you (not a forwardable possibility) prevents me from sharing them. A selected choice often ends up in black and white on our pages in connection with their accompanying stories. I have found that suggested links attached to some emails that promise to be interesting do not pass through as internet "addresses" that I could print for your reference (or maybe it's just that I do know how to do this).

Back to coverage of events: I continue to welcome such and will devote space to them as they come in hand here. While the boat photos are not colorful they do indicate the sort of boats that turn up and may thus stimulate your interest in attending similar activities within your own geographical reach. So if you are so motivated, send along your photos of any small boat gathering you attend (with simple captions telling us what we are looking at) and we'll share the best with our readers.

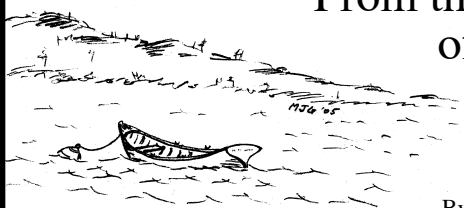
In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 5 Book Review: *Trouble at Sea*
- 6 Tilting at the Windmills
- 6 More on Hard Water Sailing
- 7 Every Boat Needs a Captain
- 8 The Savannah to Beaufort Classic Boat Rally
- 10 Everglades Forever
- 14 Springtime on the Salt
- 16 Toledo Light Tornado of '65
- 18 *Mr. Toad* is My Boat's Name
- 19 The Evolution of a Painting
- 20 Communing With a Canoe Paddle
- 21 What Happened to *Canoe & Small Boat*?
- 22 Beyond the Horizon
- 24 *Odonata*
- 27 The Eagle Canoe Project
- 28 The Best of Jim Thayer: Can This Boat Be Saved?
- 30 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Closing in a Lightning
- 32 Shantyboat Follow-up
- 33 Need for Speed?
- 34 Wannabee Boat Builders
- 35 The Apprentice
- 35 Tool Sharpening Simplified
- 36 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: "Windermere-38"
- 40 Messing Up Boats
- 41 A Class Canoes
- 42 Backing Sails
- 43 The NorseBoat 21.5
- 44 Dovetailed Coamings
- 45 Simplifying
- 46 A Manual for Small Yachts
- 49 From the Lee Rail
- 49 Jury Rig
- 50 Trade Directory
- 56 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Last spring reader Tim Jennings invited me for a short "cruise" in his unique cruising camper freighter canoe as soon as the season warmed up and it came to pass in June when we met on the Nashua River in Groton, Massachusetts. Details on Tim's innovative craft are featured in this issue on page 24, "*Odonata*."

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Yesterday the boatyard knocked down our boat shop. It was theirs, actually; we only leased it from them for the past twenty-three years. Before that, other boat builders did the same. Now it is just a stark, disorderly pile of broken boards. By the end of today, it will have been loaded into containers and hauled away. It had become an eyesore, dilapidating rapidly, year by year. For now, there is an unobstructed view of the inner harbor. Next year there will be a picnic pavilion in its stead.

Yesterday, I bailed about a hundred gallons of water from my Whitehall. I need to haul her and put her, where? In my yard? Into the overcrowded shop? Unless I keep her somewhere heated, I won't get to working on her until the spring. Which is time enough.

I'm having second thoughts about towing her behind me down to Maine. If I decide to take her, I should make a cover for her to make her less likely to swamp. She needs to have some serious fenders, especially around her prow.

The alternative is an ugly, inflatable boat, or else my plastic kayak. The kayak can probably tuck on edge inboard of the shrouds. Having my tender onboard appeals to me. The two things bad about a kayak are, firstly, instability, and secondly, lack of storage. I'm not sure I could fit a five-gallon water jug between my knees in her cockpit. And getting aboard with any sort of a sea running would be a small adventure. Perhaps I should install a couple of fold-up boarding steps on *MoonWind's* hull.

The smallest inflatable dinghies are no more than 6' long, but even one of these would be a challenge to stow onboard. Inflating it each time I need it remains a possibility, but requires I have a reliable compressor. This would need to run off my large battery. I need to research how much power it would take to inflate a dinghy, and how many hours it would take to recharge the battery. Perhaps it is also time to consider a solar panel. An inflatable kayak is another option.

Another project I need to address is a solar ventilator, the kind that stores up energy in a battery and continues running at night when it's most humid. I need it well forward, near the source of the odor, between the mast and the forward hatch or in the forward hatch itself. The former may compromise the strength of the partners. At least installation is simple.

I have to remember I'll be on a mooring this spring. I won't enjoy the luxury of having a shop at hand and shore power. Worst of all, the boat will be bobbing under me as I work. I've just completed Sir Alec Rose's account of his single-handed circumnavigation: *My Lively Lady*. The number of repairs he effected in fairly rough weather allows for no excuse of inconvenience. Admittedly, everything done under adverse conditions takes three times as long, but nearly anything can be done.

For my part, I need to practice taking in sail when it's blowing. I also should procure a safety harness, and learn to use it. I need to practice using a drogue to keep me either before, or into, the wind. Unless I have some confidence at facing heavy weather, I won't dare make many passages, and, when I encounter a squall, I won't be prepared. *MoonWind*, which weighs only forty-five hundred pounds, admittedly is no heavy weather craft. All the more reason that I prepare both her and myself. The most sensible course is to venture out more often in twenty-five knots and practice maneuvers. When I'm confident, I can take on rougher weather.

I haven't any illusions about riding out gales in a 26' foot boat. She wasn't built for it. I only know I would very much wish to survive a chance encounter.

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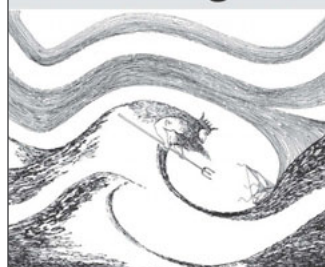
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Moon Wind at Large



SAILING HITHER AND YON

Written and illustrated by
Constant Waterman
(aka Matthew Goldman)

THE NEW BOOK FROM CONSTANT WATERMAN

Matthew Goldman and his sloop *MoonWind* constantly roam the waters of southeast New England, where these stories are centered. Each tale is short and sweet and imbued with a wry smile, an unquenchable love of boats, and joy for life. Not to mention the never-ending search for mermaids. . . .

296 pages, pb, \$14.95

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Two years ago I wrote that I had bought my first sailboat (at age 65), a San Juan 21. Now I am trading up to a rebuilt Rhodes 22 in Bristol condition. Never too old to learn new tricks, with the help of the local sail and power squadron.

Richard Arking, Brooklyn, NY

Activities & Events...

10th Annual Bird Island Challenge

The Gleason Family YMCA in Wareham, Massachusetts, is now accepting registrations for all types of boats for the 10th Annual Challenge on Sunday, August 12. Choice of three courses: three-mile Long Beach, six-mile Great Hill and 12-mile Bird Island. The race begins at from the Narrows in downtown Wareham. Breakfast and lunch provided. Registrations after July 14 are \$45. Proceeds from this event benefit the YMCA scholarship program. For more information and to receive registration material, call (508) 295-9622, ext 15.

CBMM's 15th Annual Charity Boat Auction

Buy an affordable boat and support a good cause at the annual Charity Boat Auction held on Saturday, September 1, at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland. The live auction begins at 1pm along the museum's waterfront campus, with all the proceeds benefiting the children and adults served by CBMM.

More than 80 boats ranging in size and performance from sailing dinghies to cabin cruisers will be auctioned off to the highest bidders until all boats are sold. The revenue generated by the auction goes directly to help the museum do work like maintaining its fleet of historic vessels.

A selection of the boats to be auctioned by the museum can be viewed by following the "Donate or Buy a Boat" link at www.cbmm.org. The vessels will be available for inspection at the museum several days prior to the auction. For a fully updated listing of the boats up for auction, please contact Lad Mills at (410) 745-4942 or at lmills@cbmm.org.

Information of Interest...

Pygmy Boats Voted "Best Wooden Kayak"

We at Pygmy Boats believe there are few things better than salty breezes and the elegant glide of a wood craft through water. We also feel that your experience is enriched when your hands have had a part in creat-

ing the vessel. For the last 25 years, it has been our goal to offer performance kits that make the boat building process easy, fun and rewarding. Started in 1986 by boat designer and software engineer John Lockwood, Pygmy Boats produced North America's first computer designed wooden kayaks. Over the years we have expanded our boat kit line to include 21 kayak models, our wooden rowboat, the Wineglass Wherry, and our wooden canoe, the Taiga. In 2005 we were voted "Best Kayak Kit" and now it is with great pride that we accept the honors of "Best Wooden Kayak" as determined by *Sea Kayaker* Magazine's Reader's Choice Awards, 2011-2014 (a triennial award).

The winning design, the Coho kayak kit, is the same kayak featured in the popular documentary *Paddle to Seattle* where two friends prove the boat's ability as they navigate the 1300-mile Inside Passage from Alaska to Seattle in the Pygmy Cohos they built prior to the journey. *Sea Kayaker* Magazine's reviewers had this to say about the design:

"The Coho has been on the market for 14 years and hasn't lost any of its appeal. When we reviewed the Coho in 1998, it drew high praise from a 5'2" woman and a 6'2" man alike. The 17'5"x23" kit kayak weighs only 39 pounds, making it easy for smaller paddlers to carry. For our reviewers the Coho was 'beautifully responsive' and 'tracked quite well.' One put it 'on the top of my list for an expedition style kayak' and another rated it 'my hands down favorite of all the boats I have reviewed.' I would recommend it to anyone. Varnished wood and light weight always make a good first impression but only performance on the water could give the Coho its longevity." (Article published with Reader's Choice Awards, *Sea Kayaker* Magazine).

Laura Prendergast, Pygmy Boats, laura@pygmyboats.com

Forever Stamped Sailboat Postcards

The new Forever Stamped Sailboat postcards are available in ten card sheets each (four cards per sheet bearing 32¢ Forever stamp images plus 3¢ per postcard) for \$14.10 per pack. Available nationwide today, the postcards can be purchased online at usps.com/shop, by calling 800-STAMP-24 (800-782-6724) or by visiting Post Offices.

It's created in perforated sheets of four postcards each and designed for customers who want to add addresses, return addresses and/or messages for use with personal or small office printers. Moreover, as the postcard is stamped with a Forever Stamp image, it's good anytime in the future, regardless of price changes. Customers may view the Forever stamped Sailboat postcard at beyondtheperf.com/2012-preview.

This Forever stamped postcard is based on a 1967 Memorial Day weekend photo of an unidentified sailboat taken off of Long Island Sound by artist Burton Silverman. Maybe some reader(s) may know something about it. Burton doesn't know the name of the sailboat or the owner. Please feel free to contact him

at burton3@gmail.com. You should also visit his website: www.burtonsilverman.com



New Museum in Pinellas County, Florida

A group of volunteers are working with Pinellas County to preserve the maritime history of the area. The Pinellas County Historical Society is working to raise funds to build the McKay Creek Boat Shop at the county's living history museum, Heritage Village, to house vintage boats and other materials related to the county's rich coastal history. The structure will provide a place to tell the story of the county's early boat builders and to store, preserve and exhibit other materials that are presently in the museum collection as well as to provide for growth in this collection in the future.

The boats we have to start our collection are two built by Clark Mills; the Mills designed and built Sun Cat, donated by Joe Hill, and Francis Seavy's championship Snipe *Honey*. The Optimist Pram and Windmill will, of course, be featured.

Pinellas County maritime history starts with the dugout canoes of the Weeden Island Culture (<http://www.weedonislandpreserve.org/pagesHTM/PDFs/CanoeWeb.pdf>), the Fishing Ranchos of the Spanish/Cuban traders, the Greek sponge and fishing boats of Tarpon Springs, and John Hanna "the sage of Dunedin." Yacht building and racing include the famed St Petersburg to Havana races and Charlie Morgan's America's Cup Challenger *Heritage*.

To help Heritage Village meet its goal, contact the Pinellas County Historical Society office at Heritage Village, (727) 582-2233 or visit www.pinellascounty.org/heritage

Michael Jones, St Petersburg FL, mj.woodwork@gmail.com,



Information Wanted...

Ray Hunt Info Wanted

I'm writing the biography of C. Raymond Hunt (1908-1978), well known American yacht designer of power and sail-

boats. His designs include Class "B" dinghies, prams and Waterbugs, the 110 and 210, the Concordia yawl and 5.5 Meters and two 12 Meters. He is better known for his powerboat designs, culminating with his revolutionary deep-V hull form that changed powerboat design.

I'd be interested in hearing any anecdotes about sailing, racing or cruising with Ray Hunt. And I'm particularly interested in finding any of Ray Hunt's boats, wherever they are. Half the 110s and 210s built remain in existence. It's the different designs for which Ray was not as well known that are of interest: the 310, the 410 and the 510 of which only one of each was built. Any Huntform powerboats that remain would be of interest; his famous Sea Blitz; any remaining 5.5 Meter sloops, especially *Quixotic*, *Minotaur* and *Chaje II*. I'd be happy to know where any of his early deep-V hulls are, especially the Hunter 23s.

He also designed catamarans and a trimaran. He was a genius at the helm and on the piano top, his occasional drafting table.

Please contact me at MWKsail@msn.com to share your insights.

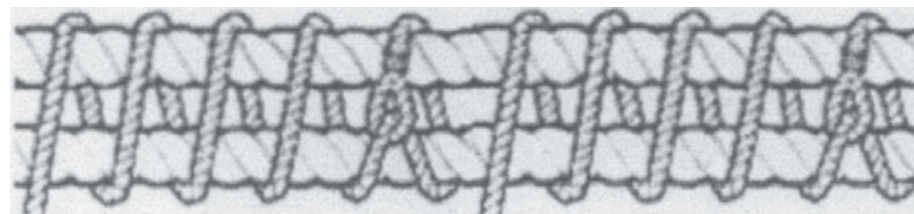
Mark W. Kellogg, Severna Park, MD

Projects...

North East Chapter, WCHA Buys War Canoe

Our WCHA Chapter has purchased our very own 25', 85-year-old Old Town war canoe. It is in remarkable condition, bearing few scars from years of summer camp use. Fiberglassed sometime ago, it has a few easily repaired "weepy leaks" and the usual punky stem tops often found on old canoes. From the beginning, its insides were oiled rather than varnished, hence a cleaning and re-oiling ought to put that part of it back into shape. Its huge, broad shoe keel is in excellent condition, more evidence of the care and decent storage given summer camp craft despite the hard use they received. The fiberglass needs sanding and paint, the choice, a gentle red, in addition to leak patching; otherwise, it's good to go!

Paul McGuire, ME



Car Boats ...the Dream Persists

It's been a while since these efforts at designing cars that can also be boats took place, judging from the surroundings, but the dream has yet to be realized as commercially successful.



Book Review

Trouble at Sea

By Jim Wellman

Flanker Press

St Johns NL 2010 – \$17.95

168 pages of text, 16 pictures, an index and a table of content

Reviewed by Ron McIrvine

Trouble with a capital "T" at sea presents 21 stories of people from the Newfoundland/Nova Scotia coasts which tell what happened on their final voyages (or almost final voyages). The boats involved in the stories range in size from an 18' outboard to a 70' fishing boat. The people in the stories are just about all from small towns along the coast, so when lives are lost the whole town suffers.

Here is a brief summary of some of the stories:

A fisherman was entangled in the lines of a trawl that was being put overboard. He was pulled overboard and drowned.

While fishermen were tending their nets their 55hp outboard jumped off the boat's transom, causing the boat to swing into the waves, take on water and sink, putting the them into the water. A nearby boat managed to save them.

A fishing boat caught fire putting the crew in the water. They almost drowned but were saved by another boat fishing nearby.

An outboard-powered small boat loaded with 12' firewood logs, stacked crossways, caught a wave and capsized. Two men narrowly escaped drowning.

Two men and three women hauling a dozen 50gal drums of gasoline on a small boat were drowned when bad weather sprang up, causing their boat to founder and sink.

While putting a scallop dredge overboard, a scalloper's crewman became entangled, went overboard before the dredge could be stopped and drowned.

The stories are sad as we don't like to learn about lives lost. But for the reader, who is likely also a boater and/or fisherman who spends time on the water, there are lessons in each of the stories. They show how quickly a dangerous situation can present itself. The stories emphasize how one must keep a boat in shape at all times, keep gear repaired and keep it orderly, always respect the weather and know that it can change quickly at times. When working gear one must be continuously alert and always operate the boat in a safe and careful manner.

So read the book, the stories are interesting. Analyze the stories as to what went wrong, how you would have avoided the accident and in the end it will make you a better and safer skipper when out fishing or just cruising along. Remember you can't walk home.

Messing About in Boats, August 2012 – 5

In mid-June I read the detailed plan for the Trillium wind turbine project off Main Duck Island (<http://www.trilliumpower.com/downloads/trillium-power-draft-project-description.pdf>). I am stunned by the immensity of this permanent scar to be inflicted on this one remaining pristine area of Lake Ontario, a wind “farm” comprised of hundreds of monstrous structures covering an area of roughly 5km x 10km located in the waters just off the lighthouse!

Careful reading of the plan reveals that the developers acknowledge how this “farm” will generate noise both aerially and underwater, will likely affect wildlife and be a prominent visual blight on the seascape (not only in the vicinity of Main Duck Island, but from just about every vantage point in Eastern Prince Edward County).

But the document brushes these concerns aside, as though they were trivial, betraying the prevailing attitude that such devastation is OK since it will have no cultural, business or recreational impacts! I guess it doesn't matter much to all those energy-hungry city folks who will never venture out there anyway. Nor does it matter to the bigwigs who will profit handsomely at taxpayers' expense!

Yet many of us do know and enjoy this beautiful island oasis, the last remaining place on Lake Ontario which, until now, had not been defaced by the hand of man. A place with a compelling history, unique fauna and flora and a powerful mystique to stimulate the imagination.

Even though the island is not visible from any point on the mainland, and most lack the means to get out there readily, it does our collective soul some good just to know that such a place still exists in timeless isolation. Many a time I have trod the island's pebbly strand on a summery afternoon, to be

Tilting at the Windmills

By Burton Blais
A Latter Day Don Quixote
Kemptville, Ontario

startled by a black rat snake slithering in the poison ivy undergrowth; and of a cold January night, sitting in front of a warm fire, my mind has been known to wander to those dismal wind-swept shores, so wonderfully forbidding in their icy loneliness.

How can these developers, working in collusion with the Government of Ontario, perpetrate this wholesale destruction of such a significant portion of the people's patrimony? What gives these exploiters the right to take this treasure away from us for evermore? And for what purpose, to power a few light bulbs in Toronto?

I've heard all of the environmental imperative arguments justifying the need for this type of technology, and the glib dismissal of aesthetic considerations with the phrase “windmills look less objectionable than coal plants.” And it would appear that many folk have bought into the notion that it's OK to sacrifice some places for the good of all.

But will they feel the same when the iconic Georgian Bay coastline is transformed into an industrial landscape littered with thousands of these gigantic structures (there are already plans to start with the Parry Sound area)? And what other beautiful places, rivers, lakes and countrysides are in the developers' sights now and in the future? Because that's how it's going to have to be if we want to replace the current power generation model with wind turbines, which are very inefficient and costly, viz. that we must

needs populate the entire inhabited surface of Ontario with turbines to generate the same amount of electricity now being delivered by conventional technology.

Pretty much any place is up for grabs for these projects, Premier Mcsquinty made sure of that with his anti-NIMBY legislation which give developers carte blanche to stick these things anywhere they like. The rural and remote places are easiest for these guys, since there are few voices in those parts to make much of a fuss (though, ironically, when developers wanted to plant a wind farm off the Toronto waterfront the idea was shelved very quickly due to the public outcry).

And it's not just happening here. You should see the beautiful Vermont Green Mountains, where they've spoiled the vistas there by planting these structures atop the mountain ranges. I've seen it, and let me tell you, it ain't pretty! The English coastline is the same, littered with these wind “farms” everywhere you look, and more being added each year to meet the insatiable demands of the “growth” economy. And many places more, besides.

I guess everything is on the table these days, and the beautiful old world we knew is rapidly being transformed into something altogether different, more artificial, contrived and with the industrious stamp of man on every surface. Oh, well, I'm glad I got to live on this earth when I did, at least I got to see some of this land's natural beauty before big business and government stepped in to exploit and “manage” every last corner of it. I really don't want to see what it's going to look like in my great-grandchildren's time.

Well, if the developers are on schedule, work is set to start preparing the lake bed this summer, so my advice to Lake Ontario sailors who care is to try to get out there soon for one last look.

Sigh....

John Orlando's story about Great South Bay scooters in the June, 2012 issue brought back memories of the winter of 1941 when the entire bay froze, a rather unusual event. In the wide portion of the bay off Bay Shore, where I lived, the normal winter freezes would break up by afternoon when the southwesterly or northwesterly breeze built up. Only the creeks would grow ice for many days running, sometimes reaching 10" in thickness. I know

More on Hard Water Sailing

By Nick Fast

because one of my winter chores was to chop the ice around our dock pilings to keep the tide from pulling them up when it rose.

I was ten years old that year, but I remember clearly the thrill of my one and only ride on a scooter, including jumping a waterhole. Another great experience was being towed on my sled behind a small car, about the size of a Mini Cooper.

A couple of older boys rode their bikes across the Bay to Fire Island one morning and, when they were ready to return, found that the small coastal oil tanker had come in through the inlet and made its way to Patchogue to make a fuel delivery. They had to bike to the Coast Guard Station near the lighthouse where reports of their predicament were telephoned home and arrangements were made to deliver them to Patchogue by boat after the tanker went back out.


Other ice games included sail skating using a large pillowcase and a couple of sticks inside to act as booms. Another was riding our bikes across the hinge piece of ice which formed next to shore where the falling tide would break off long, but narrow, bergs as the inshore edge grounded. At high tide, if we were quick enough, we could ride from

shore and cross over to the main ice sheet before the berg tipped.

Coming back was easier because the inshore edge was almost aground. Still another was finding an ice raft in the mouth of a creek and, using a sapling cut on shore, pole the raft out into the bay when it was open. If there was any sea running we ran the risk of our raft breaking up and the trick was to choose the larger piece to jump to and hope it was big enough to float us while we poled to shore. Mistakes were not very dangerous because the water was only up to our waist, at most, if we fell in.

Salt water ice was tricky. On fresh water we could usually see down into the ice and judge its thickness; 1" was enough to hold us if we didn't jump around too much, 2" would hold up a crowd. On salt water we couldn't see into it at all. 2" bent like rubber and would not hold for more than the first few steps. 3" would still bend slightly but it would hold one person, just don't let a friend walk up too close. 5" inches would hold a Mini Cooper size car.

How did I know? I always carried a small shingling hatchet in my belt, with inch marks carved into its wooden handle from the working end up. I would chip a small hole in the ice, slip the head through, pull straight up, mark the ice top with my thumb, remove the hatchet from the hole and read the inch notches. It saved me from a lot of wet walks home. Today I live on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, and don't even see ice on the bird bath.



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I was just starting to forget about drunken Captain Hazelwood of the *Exxon Valdez* when the *Costa Concordia* filled my TV screen, lying on her side like the biggest dead fish in the world. When the little kid takes the 14' aluminum boat for the first time alone he's sure to be cautioned about getting too close to the rocks, so where does this tragedy rank in intelligent ship operation?

Just holding a master's license obviously does not prove that someone can be trusted with the responsibility for the largest moving objects on earth. As the size of the ship increases and she carries more and more passengers, does the scrutiny of the master increase as well, and the job become harder and harder to get?

One of my customers, who was a TWA 747 captain, suggested that there is no direct correlation between responsibility and pay. When TWA went out of business he found new work, at a substantial pay increase, flying a 747 freighter for Al Nippon Airlines. He was happy to get the raise, but it made no sense at all to him that he would make more when responsible for a small crew and a lot of packages than he had been holding 300 or so lives in his hands.

Airline captains are usually skilled far beyond what the average passenger can even comprehend. What started out to be a milk run flight from La Guardia to Charlotte made that point as well as it can possibly be made. My interest in the role and responsibility of the captain must come from my father who was a yacht captain in the late 1930s.

Fresh off a three year circumnavigation in a 45' ketch, he certainly had the credentials, but he got lucky in the other player, the owner, who was young, enthusiastic and very good at paying the bills. Taking a beautiful Alden schooner back and forth between Nantucket and the Gulf of Mexico wasn't the hardest duty to take, but I came along at the same time as World War II, so for one reason or the other, both valid, the idyllic life had to end.

My father's next command was a 158' gunboat in the Pacific. Given his experience on the water, he was able to qualify for a short officer's training course and came out what was known to enlisted men as a "90-day wonder." Recent Annapolis graduates did not appreciate being passed over for commands by people who had not put in the same time, but that was the way it was.

He was not a "captain" in rank, but was in absolute charge of the ship and made the most of it. Navy protocol specified that when under attack by kamikaze planes, the ship was to turn into or directly away from the flight path, in an effort to present the smallest target.

My father trained his gunners hard, so when under attack he instead turned broadside to the path so maximum firepower could

Every Boat Needs a Captain

By Boyd Mefferd

be focused on the plane. He thought it made more sense to put his faith in the skill of his own men rather than in a possible error by the Japanese pilot. They shot down three planes over the course of the war and, being wartime, the Navy brass paid more attention to success than to obedience.

My father's crew came home without a scratch and stayed in touch with him for the rest of their lives telling him that they owed their lives to his skill and decisions.

I've always been fascinated by the yachting tradition of the "captain" and the "owner" and what rights and responsibilities each has. The owner obviously hires the captain, but by tradition can not fire him (or her) at sea, only in port. Once at sea the captain's authority is absolute and the owner takes orders from the captain.

This is a rare situation in employment etiquette and probably many things in many arenas would go more smoothly if it was not so rare, but that's too big a topic to take up now. I don't hang out with mega-yacht owners, or captains either for that matter, so I don't know how much the tradition has suffered in current times when some people don't take orders from anyone, certainly not some underling who just drives the boat.

In my runabout business I do remember with some horror a brush with the tradition. The owner of a Mathis Trumpy 85' houseboat agreed to purchase a 16' Chris Craft runabout to serve as a tender. I got the boat in Tennessee, as I remember, and brought it to Stamford, CT, on the faith of a 10% deposit. The sea trial went fine but then, and only then, the owner told me that the final decision to purchase was up to the captain, who I'd just met.

When my heart stopped beating so hard I sat down with the captain who said that he saw a few problems with the boat, "but Artie, the owner, likes it" so he went to get the yacht's checkbook. When I was over the shock, the adherence to the tradition seemed fine.

When I was a teenager I worked for a man who was an extremely experienced, and also extremely cautious, private plane pilot. This was at a time when someone could hang out at small airports and basically hitch hike by air. His rule was to never get into the plane with someone you didn't know, and it is a pretty good rule with boats, too.

I never forget the story of my father's lifelong friend Dennis Puleston, who sailed a 37' boat from his native England to the Caribbean where he was forced to sell her to

cover living expenses. Dennis' ultimate plan was to come to the United States, so when a 60 some foot sailing yacht came into port looking for crew to New York, he jumped at the chance.

All went well until one night off North Carolina. Dennis was on watch with the captain and casually remarked that with just one more tack they should be able to clear Cape Hatteras.

"Hell," was the captain's reply, "we're making it on this tack." With the currents what they were, he put the boat right on the beach. Dennis first stepped foot on US soil (illegally, I guess) wading waist deep in the low surf with his suitcase under one arm and his little dog under the other. The boat was pulled off by a powerful tug sent from Norfolk the next day with little more than scratched paint but the skipper, John Green, was forever after known in sailing circles as "Shipwreck Green." Not all errors in judgment or blatant acts of hubris end in such a happy conclusion.

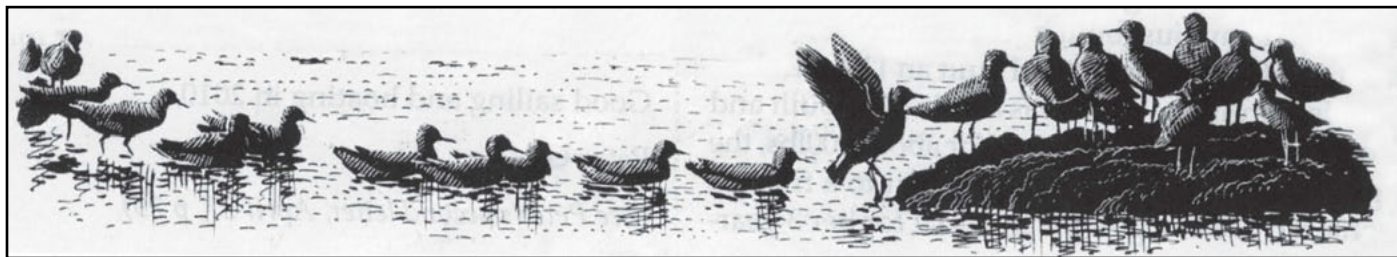
They say that "every boat needs a captain" and with smaller craft he's usually also the owner, and not always the most qualified person aboard. I recently read an article about a racing sailboat that had two equal owners and every decision had to be unanimous in this committee of two.

A husband and wife team that I've sailed with had a much better plan. Going around the world in a 34' fiberglass production boat, they decided ahead of time that each could overrule the other, and that whether it was to shorten sail, move an anchor or whatever, the most conservative choice would always prevail.

Also they had a "think it, do it" rule and never wasted time waiting to see how things turned out. They came through with no major mishaps and then settled down to have children, two sons. When their kids were eight and ten, I think, they got tired of hearing their parents carry on about all their wonderful experiences at sea and in foreign ports and insisted that they go again with them. Thus they went around the world again, also without incident. Probably the dashing Shipwreck Green could have learned something from them.

People like me who don't have much respect for management see the seeds of many shipwrecks planted at the executive level when people who don't have the experience or insight hire a master who has some fatal flaw that might be obvious to someone who had been to sea and served under a variety of captains. We only hear about those who crack up in calm weather under conditions that it seems even a novice skipper could handle. We never read about the captains who dodged the bullet every time year after year and came through the most terrible conditions intact.

That's just part of the job description.





The Sanderling contingent running off Daufuskie Island.

The seventh annual Classic Boat Rally, a race in the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) from Savannah, Georgia, to Beaufort, South Carolina, was run this past April 20 and 21. The race, which is open to "sailboats of classic design having an overall length of 15' to 24'," this year drew six entries, four of which were Marshall Sanderling catboats. The two days of sailing between these famously appealing towns are broken up into four individual races, a morning race to a predetermined point along the route and a second race from that point to the day's final destination.

The waters encountered along the way vary from wide open sounds like Port Royal and Calibogue to fast flowing tidal rivers like the Beaufort and the Savannah to narrow creeks and cuts which explain, if you didn't already know, why the Intracoastal is called "the ditch." Scenery varies from shorelines lined with opulent pleasure domes, the abodes of what seem to be endless numbers of the very rich, to the quietude and ageless serenity of vast stretches of pristine marsh.

Here is the realm of the dolphin, the snowy egret and the alligator. As you round a bend in a creek, you may surprise a herd of deer or a pack of feral pigs. You watch them scatter into the semi-tropical brush and realize that this scene is identical to ones that were surely witnessed here by Spanish conquistadores, French corsairs and English colonists as they disputed this territory in the late 1500s and early 1600s. I rounded one such bend in the recent race and, having been transported back to earlier times by just such a scene, rounded another and was brutally rushed into the present by the sight of a giant Chinese container ship so large and ugly that it seemed to blot out the sky.

Race originator, organizer and perennial contender for top honors, Woody Norwood, explains that he felt there was an unfilled

The Savannah to Beaufort Classic Boat Rally

By W. R. Cheney

niche for a race more adventurous than sailing around the buoys off a club, yet more affordable in time and expense than ocean racing. Owners of smaller, trailerable boats needed a venue which combined challenging conditions with an unusual and rewarding itinerary.

"Classic Design," for purposes of this race, is defined as "sailboats other than those designed for one design fleet racing." This might be otherwise expressed as "anything but rule beating Clorox bottles." Examples of approved classes are Herreshoff 12-1/2, Montgomery 15 and 17, Cape Dory Typhoon, Marshall 18 and 22 catboats, West Wight Potter 15 and 19, Precision 16 and 18, Ensign, Flicka 20, Cape Dory 22 and Bristol 24. Other designs are welcome within the spirit of the event upon approval of the chairman of the Regatta Committee.

Essential to the success of the race is Woody's yearly research into the tides which will prevail along the route. He finds a stretch of time when the tidal currents will be 95% favorable and the dates for the race are thus determined. The tidal currents in this maze of river, island and marsh can be truly bewildering and the calculations involved here are right up there with rocket science.

Participating in this year's event were *Diversion*, Jerry Valka's Bristol fashion Marshall Sanderling (cuddy version) which he trailered to Beaufort all the way from Detroit; *Shorebird*, your narrator's new (to him) cuddy Sanderling; and *Kitty* and *Fifi*, both open

Sanderlings sailed respectively by Paul Keyserling and Carlos Black. The non-catboats were *Myrdie III*, a Cape Dory Typhoon Senior (22'5") owned by race organizer Woody Norwood and an unnamed Harmony 22 skippered by Buddy Sharpton of Savannah.

Diversion, *Shorebird*, *Myrdie III* and the Harmony 22 all started from Savannah on the 20th. They would be joined by the open Sanderlings the next day at Windmill Harbor on Hilton Head for the last two races. In the first day's racing honors were shared by *Myrdie III* (first place in the morning) and *Shorebird* (first place in the afternoon).

The first day's racing ended with the interesting experience of locking into Windmill Harbor on Hilton Head. Once you have gone through the locks you are sealed off from Calibogue Sound and just about totally protected from the elements. Windmill Harbor is also home to the very elegant South Carolina YC where the contestants enjoyed filet mignon and grouper washed down with ample quantities of pinot noir.



In Windmill Harbor.

Next morning the fleet, augmented by the presence of the two open Sanderlings, locked out of the harbor and began the first race of the day headed northeast up Skull

Woody Norwood and crew in *Myrdie III*.



The author and *Shorebird* at the Savannah YC on the eve of the Rally.



Creek bound for G "27" in the Beaufort River where there would be a finish and a new start for the afternoon race. The going was upwind, causing a spirited tacking duel until it fell very light halfway across Port Royal Sound. With the fleet totally stalled, the committee boat announced a shortened course for the first race with the finish just beyond where the fleet was currently located. This was a happy circumstance for *Shorebird* because it ensured that *Myrdie III*, a faster boat upwind, would not have time to catch her and take over first place. *Fifi* just nipped *Shorebird* at this finish, but *Shorebird* now was ahead of *Myrdie III*, the only other boat in contention for overall honors at this point.

The wind piped up nicely right after this finish and the fleet moved on to G "27" for the start of the day's second race, which would wind up at the Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club. Like all the races in this event, this was a staggered start with the slowest boats according to PHRF going first, followed at intervals by the faster entries according to a formula which, if every boat performed up to its ideal statistics, would have all boats finishing together.

Thus *Diversion* started first, followed a minute and a half later by her fellow cuddy Sanderling *Shorebird*, the difference here due to the fact that *Diversion* was toting a heavy diesel inboard and dragging a propeller while her sister was not. The rest of the fleet followed at appropriate intervals, the lighter open Sanderlings again giving up some time to the cuddy boats. Starting last was Buddy Sharpton's nameless Harmony 22 with its low PHRF and great reputation for speed.

Shorebird liked the wind she had and after passing *Diversion* seemed to be holding her position against the fleet pretty well. As the minutes ticked by, however, it became clear that the two open Sanderlings were moving up. *Kitty*, in particular, was showing a fine turn of speed and, counter intuitively, was moving ahead by taking to the center of the river where one would expect the adverse current to be strongest. *Shorebird's* sorry skipper, your narrator, observed this and said to himself, "Ah ha! Local knowledge!" and steered for the center of the river in hot pursuit. Looking back, he could not understand why the rest of the fleet was doing just the opposite, in fact tacking away from the rhumb line and going even closer to shore. *Shorebird's* lead over the fleet and *Myrdie III*, her rival for an overall win seemed insurmountable now, and if her skipper was not dancing a jig and singing at the top of his lungs, he sure felt like it.

As we roared on up the river past the US Marine installations on Parris Island, the fleet looked distant and unthreatening behind. Only *Kitty* up ahead and *Fifi* bearing down to starboard were of any concern and neither had enough points to win overall. *Fifi*, helmed by Carlos Black and his vivacious wife Brenda, was certainly doing a number on us though. That she was going to pass and leave us well behind was clear. Remembered racing advice from somewhere to the effect that you shouldn't waste time looking at opponents, but just sail your boat as well as you know how came back to us, so I stopped watching the Blacks and gave all my attention to the luff of my sail.

Next time I snuck a glance back over my shoulder I was amazed to note that *Fifi* seemed to have vanished into thin air. Then, way astern, I saw her sideways to the fleet

and canted over at an uncomfortable angle, aground. She must have been quite close to me when she hit and but for a few yards in one direction or another, it could have been me. So that's what it means when it says "spoil area" on the chart.

The rest of the race was pretty uneventful. *Kitty* ahead and *Shorebird* just behind kept their lead over the rest of the fleet and crossed the finish line one, two. Jubilant, I did vaguely wonder why we received no gun or horn at the finish.

Only later did I find out the reason the fleet had gone towards shore while I was following *Kitty* out into mid-river. There was a buoy to be rounded and we had not given sufficient attention to the chart. The penalty was disqualification for both boats. It hurt, but I have to admit that if I had rounded that buoy with the rest of the fleet everything might have been different. *Myrdie III* would have been in much better position then and it's anybody's guess how things would have gone. I learned a lot about "the agony of defeat" that day, but I cherish my placard which says "Savannah to Beaufort, 2nd place."

Following the events just described there was another great dinner, this time at the wonderfully congenial Beaufort Yacht and Sailing Club. Grilled chicken, boiled local shrimp, multitudinous fixin's, live music, unlimited wine and/or beer... all for \$25. You can't beat it.

The awards ceremony saw Jerry Valka get a well-deserved "Bunky Heifrich Award" for "most positive spirit." It seems the 74 years young Jerry had started out from Detroit with *Diversion* in tow when his car broke down. He managed to get back home and borrow another vehicle. But time was now short, so he drove 24 hours straight, arriving at the Huddle House restaurant in Beaufort where he took a brief nap in the parking lot, then drove on to the Beaufort

Yacht and Sailing Club where he rigged and launched his boat preparatory to a pre-race cruise down to Savannah for the start of the Rally. Jerry has no stove on *Diversion*, so we don't know what he ate along the way.

Shorebird got the award for "most authentic" classic boat which I think she deserved because she has some three strand line aboard and her brightwork looks a little more like it might do on a working catboat. The "Blue Buoy," nominally given to the most "navigationally challenged," is actually only given to very experienced and competent sailors who can stand the guff. This year it went to Carlos Black for finding the bottom off Parris Island. The award for most Bristol Fashion Classic Boat also went to Carlos for his immaculate *Fifi*.

Sunday saw more racing in the Beaufort River and Monday held a race from Beaufort up Brickyard Creek, out into the Coosaw River, and around to the Dataw Island Marina with another awards dinner in the evening. Your narrator retired from this one when the breezes started gusting to 33kts. It was won by pre-eminent Marshall 22 sailor Roy Crocker in his beautiful *True Love*.

Owners of small classic boats who feel the lure of this wonderful week of racing can be assured that they will be welcome at all the events and dinners. The racing is unique and challenging. The dinners are world class and the company is great. Skippers interested in bringing their boats to next year's event could do no better than to contact race organizer, and this year's winner: Woody Norwood., (678) 427-2937, snorwood3@me.com

(W.R. Cheney, who moved to Lady's Island from Vermont this past December, sails the engineless Marshall 22 *Penelope* out of Swan's Island, Maine, in summer and his newly acquired Marshall Sanderling *Shorebird* from Lady's Island, South Carolina, winters).

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One More Time

Ten years have flown by since I wrote my article "10 Years in the Everglades" (published in *MAIB* February/March 2004). It seems like yesterday. Even though I did not make it down to Florida every spring, it still seemed that I did. I was last there in 2010, since 2011 saw me sailing across the Atlantic from Antigua/Caribbean via the Azores to Hamburg, Germany. My first solo trip from Everglades City to Flamingo happened just before hurricane Andrew swept through the Glades (in August 1992) from Homestead to the mouth of the Broad River, leaving a strip of utter devastation behind; so did later hurricanes, especially Wilma along the Gulf coast up to Chokoloskee and Everglades City.

So each year I was able to observe recovery as well as renewed damage or even new devastation in the Glades. The Everglades are certainly in a very active weather window - no South Seas paradise here! But since I am only a snowbird from the cold northland of Maine, visiting for 2 weeks during the most ambient times of late February and early March, I try to avoid most of the weather extremes. But not so in 1993, when I was picked off one of the back country camping spots at the Graveyard Creek on Ponce de Leon Bay before the "Storm of the century" (according to the national weather channel's records) hit the Flamingo area. The entire campground was inundated around midnight, forcing me to pack up my gear, stowing it back in my canoe, and finishing my night's sleep in my boat tied to two sturdy palm trees near the exit road, while the wind howled on at 45 knots, gusting even higher.

This year two reasons urged/persuaded me to plan another solo trip in the Everglades National Park. One: 20 years are such a strong metric incentive/excuse to feel the warmth of the February/March sun, when everyone else in Maine is still shoveling snow and stoking the wood stove. But most importantly, I had finally found a fellow in Flamingo, a volunteer ranger, who paddled the same touring sea canoe I do on the ocean, a Verlen Kruger designed Monarch/Sea Wind. I met John on my 2010 trip, and he was willing to rent me his boat, paddle and PFD, plus help with the car shuttles from and to Florida City/Homestead, to where I could take a shuttle bus from the Miami airport.

The "right" solo boat for the Gulf of Mexico.



10 – *Messing About in Boats*, August 2012

Everglades Forever

By Reinhard Zollitsch

For once, I told myself, I did not have to wrestle a 2-person aluminum canoe all by myself. 2010 was a windy year on the Gulf, and I had to muscle and hustle my boat from one pre-reserved campsite to the next. It was hard on the old bod, but I again managed to hit every planned site from Everglades City to Flamingo and back. This year, I told Nancy, would be a cinch, a delight in my familiar semi-decked Kruger touring canoe, where I sit in the middle of the boat and steer with a foot-operated rudder, not by j-stroking or switching sides continuously.

The Trip Begins

Well, it sounded great: I got a plane ticket, arranged for a shuttle from the airport to Florida City, where John would pick me up. My plane was delayed, as usual, but John and Donna kindly/patiently waited for me. We then barely made it to the Flamingo campground before darkness fell like a black curtain. I collapsed in my tent, exhausted, but did not worry about anything. I had all my gear, even a bottle of propane for my cook stove. And the boat, paddle and PFD looked great. The trip would begin tomorrow, not now, I told myself.

At 6:30 a.m. the curtain of darkness opened as fast as it had dropped the night before. I repacked all my gear from my two big travel duffels into my watertight bags for the trip, and walked the mile to the Ranger Station to check in and reserve my back-country campsites. (You can only do that in person, not sooner than 24 hours before you start your trip). To my utter delight, I got all my pre-planned stops but one: Plate Creek Chickee, which I learned later was being replaced by a new one. I was delighted, because that meant I did not have to paddle double or half distances (or go where I did not want to go) when my first choice campsite was already taken.

I was again surprised how few paddlers/campers I met in the large park, which stretches almost 100 miles from north to south, from Everglades City to Flamingo, and a good 20 miles from the Gulf coast deep into the mangrove forests, interlaced and interconnected with catch-basin-like lakes and big powerful tidal rivers like the Shark, Harney, Broad, Lostmans, Huston, Chatham and Lopez.

My wife and daughter had warned me to be careful about gators and crocs, as you would expect, but especially the new menace in the National Park: huge constrictor snakes, Burmese Pythons. And it so happened, as I picked up my boat at the ranger service area in Flamingo, on my first hour in the park, there was an 8-foot python right beside the road, a beautiful, colorful, thick specimen, which had made the cardinal mistake of crossing the dirt road without looking to the right and left when a service truck came along in the dark. Vultures had already smelled out the carrion, and an eerie owl was hooting its sad lament, so it seemed to me, just as the sun was sinking into the Gulf.

Up the Gulf Coast

On February 24, 2012 at about 9:45 a.m. I finally pushed off. What a relief that always is! The hardest part of my trip was over. The

paddle trip itself is so much more in my control and therefore much easier on my mind. Nothing could really go wrong now, I always maintained, as long as I am prudent, plan things right, and am confident and stay sharp in my boat.

My first goal was from Flamingo around the SW corner of Cape Sable to Middle Cape, 13.5 miles or 4:15 hrs later. I knew it could get very windy on the Gulf, and extremely choppy in the shallows out to East Cape, but I had the right boat and even the right paddle, a 10 ounce Zaverall carbon fiber marathon racing paddle, like mine at home in Maine. I was ready to handle anything in the 15-25 knot wind range.

Coming from sub-freezing temperatures in Maine, I at first found 80 humid degrees to be sweltering and a tad debilitating, though. I always tend to forget this over the long Maine winters. But after a dip in the always cool waters of the Gulf and some shady lounging in my Crazy Creek chair, with a new Clive Cussler novel about some adventures around the Azores, where I had sailed to last April/May, everything felt just fine. The trip had started, and Dinty Moore as well as Chef Boyardee, Hormel and Bush served up some great dinners before sunset each night.



Middle Cape Sable - first night out.

I stayed on the Gulf of Mexico for 3 more days, first to The Graveyard Creek campsite on Ponce de Leon Bay, then on Hog Key, and eventually on Pavilion Key. At the mouth of the Broad River I hit dead low tide. A strong nor-easter blew the water even farther out into the open Gulf, so that I got stranded behind a humungous sandbank. It took me an extra hour and a half to walk and pull my boat around it till I finally found water deep enough to dip my paddle in near Highland Beach. At last I was ashore on Hog Key after 5:45 hrs in my boat, my longest paddle of the trip.



Hog Key - shady hideaway.

Meeting on Sweetwater Chickee

Pavilion Key was as far north as I would paddle this year. From there I headed up the Chatham River to Sweetwater Chickee, one of my favorite sites, deep in the mangroves without any markers indicating where to go. I love that kind of navigating, just by nau-

tical chart, compass and stopwatch, by dead reckoning, still no GPS. However, since I had paddled in the Glades so many times, I again did most of my trip from memory, like the old dwellers of the Everglades, Lopez, Watson, Darwin, Totch and my friend Thornton, who has a 60-year tie to the Glades.



Everglades "Oldtimer Thornton" (on left, wearing glasses) with RZ.

I had sent him my itinerary ahead of time, just informationally. He is 82 years old, and I did not expect him to come down from Sebring just to say hello to me. But to my utter surprise, I suddenly heard his voice booming across the waters: "Aren't you a bit early for Sweetwater?" And there he was with his wife Jacquie and a friend in a power boat, fishing for sea trout in one of the few deep holes off the beaten track, expecting me to come up that same arm. (I hardly ever follow the numbers along the ENP Waterway, but make a point of avoiding them, using them only occasionally as necessary way points.)

The double chickee was empty, but not for long. 3 Rangers showed up to make repairs to the wooden platforms, 5 sea kayakers with guide from Watson's Place came up the Chatham on a day trip to explore the area and stopped for lunch, and then Thornton's bunch arrived. He was the center of attention and liberally doled out stories of 60 years in the Everglades. Even the guide and the rangers were impressed. After a while, though, everybody left, and all was quiet again. I called Nancy on my satellite phone, then enjoyed my canned supper. I watched the sun sink, listened to the many new sounds of the lush green mangrove forest around me, including a whip-poor-will and a pileated woodpecker. With my field glasses I then followed a nosy alligator as well as a pair of elegant swallow-tailed kites, and counted the hoots of the owls. I finally zipped myself into my tent when the first mosquitoes and tiny no-see-ums (sandflies) arrived. A myriad of brilliant stars dotted the dark sky, and fish were jumping all night.

Busy scene on Sweetwater Chickee.



The next two days were spent on my, as well as my wife's and daughter's, favorite stretch, a nostalgia trip of sorts. It took me though several interconnected large lakes, two tight river-like connectors, Alligator and Plate Creek, to Lostman's Five. I was greeted there by a distinct hiss and rattle from a diamond-backed rattlesnake in the brambles just behind my wooden tent platform. I did not push my luck and wisely pitched my tent at the front edge of the platform. My move was met with approval, since I never heard that menacing sound again; but just in case, I kept my paddle as well as my pepper spray handy.



Plate Creek - typical mangrove root shoreline.

My route to Rodgers River Chickee followed a new course for me, which turned out to be a delight. Navigating by the shapes of islands and headlands with ever-changing directions is a real challenge. I love it when things work out. I hear myself joyfully calling out: "YES!" and "RIGHT ON!", feeling a jolt of new energy surging through my often aching body. (Being 72 with lots of arthritic joints makes things a bit more taxing than being 25 - oh, those were the days!!)

The biggest challenge of this year's trip, though, was going to be the next day, especially one segment, "The Nightmare", which I did on my first trip 20 years ago and have been prudently avoiding ever since. But I felt I had to do it one more time, and why not this year. So I plotted a course from my Rodgers River Chickee, again off the beaten path, down the winding Rodgers River, to where it joins the much bigger Broad River. Both together then flow into the Gulf, which at that point was sporting good sets of whitecaps in a SW 15-20 knot breeze. I usually paddle my Kruger boat with a spray skirt, but this older

model would not take one (no snaps or aluminum hoops), so I had to make sure I paddled the boat dry, dancing the waves, which is real fun for me.

Soon I ascended Broad Creek, where I almost ran into a manatee sleeping at the surface. At first only the nostrils were visible, then the entire plump body, just hanging there in the water. I wasn't more than 3 feet away, but the manatee was breathing hard and never woke up.

At marker #17 I hit "The Nightmare". This was the stretch that gave me so much trouble in 1992, but having gone through there once before, I knew I could do it again, and I did, although it was everything but a river or even a creek: it was scrambling through the woods, like being in a tunnel with a leafy canopy, over roots, under branches, twisting and turning, bushwhacking of sorts. The water had an eerie orange color, which added to the excitement. It took over an hour, 5:15 hrs total for the day, my second longest day on the water. (If any of you paddlers out there feel you have to do "The Nightmare", make sure you do it on a rising tide - mid-tide too full - and that you are not claustrophobic.)



Straight ahead into "The Nightmare".

Pavilion Key - inner lagoon.



Ever New Trails and Courses

Camping on the Harney River Chickee that night I met two paddlers from California and Virginia, well-equipped with outriggers for the windy Gulf, but also with heavy twin coolers and lots of gear, resulting in minimal freeboard. I later heard they dumped/swamped their boat off Highland Beach in the strong winds I encountered on the Shark River (stay tuned).



RZ's minimalist set-up (Harney River Chickee).

From the Harney River Chickee my trip would follow an all new trail for me. Instead of ascending the main arm of the river, following the official Water Trail, I paddled up the North branch of the Harney till its outlet/inlet at the NW corner of Tarpon Bay. From there I snaked my way through "The Jungle", a very narrow, overgrown mangrove trail, into remote Cane Patch, always just following my chart, compass and stopwatch. It is a sizable ground site flanked with ratty looking, noisy banana trees that rustle in the wind like the unkempt palm trees on Highland Beach, making you think you are in a storm.



Mangrove leaves and blossoms (Cane Patch).

But this time there was a real storm brewing, gaining strength tomorrow morning and keeping up for the next 4 days, my weather radio warned. And they were right, as usual. A fishing party of four in a power boat quickly broke camp that afternoon when they heard the report and raced back to Flamingo. I did not have that option. I was all alone again, battened down all hatches and hoped for the best come tomorrow and the remaining 4 days of my trip.

4 Days and Nights of Strong Winds

It was windy all right, SW 20-25, easily gusting to 30 plus knots. (The official report was for sustained 30 knot winds, gusting to 45. But I normally stop guessing at 25 knots, so I do not scare myself.) But just in case, I used the stern line to tie down my packs in my boat and left my Gore-Tex suit where I could easily reach it. I was off, down tight lit-



Early morning down Avocado Creek.

tle Avocado Creek into big Tarpon Bay. Hoping to avoid big open water, I dropped down south into a shortcut to the Shark River that rangers take, I heard later from John. When I got to the Shark, I had to face not only the strong 20-25 knot wind but also a vigorous flood tide - both forces were against me.

Was I ever glad I did not have to man-handle a 2-person aluminum boat! Ever so slowly I clawed my way past Gunboat Island, when a truly black cloud bank rose in the west. I hoped to make it to the Shark River Chickee to wait out the passing of the storm front, but prudently ducked into a smaller side arm on river left just before it, when it started to blow in earnest. I held on to some sturdy mangrove branches, somewhat out of the wind, grabbed a tarp, slung it around me, just in time to fend off the cloudburst. There was no time or free hand to put on my Gore-Tex suit.

I stayed there a good 45 minutes before I decided to paddle on. The wind had changed from SW to NW - the front had moved through, and the rain had almost stopped. I hustled down Little Shark River and the Cutoff into Oyster Bay. On my first leg to Oyster Bay Chickee, I suddenly had the wind from behind, but from marker #2 on, it came on my starboard beam, my right side, with a real vengeance, since the waves had a 2-mile fetch. It felt more like canoeing on open Penobscot Bay in Maine, than in the Everglades. I was wet in no time, making sure the bigger breaking waves would not jump aboard and swamp me.

It was sporty and rough fun, but I was also glad when I could slip into the protected area where the Oyster Bay chickee was located. There I had to put all my gear into my limp tent before I could raise the poles. I also pulled out my boat, so it would not bang around in the wind and waves, and tied it to two posts behind my tent as a wind break. Coffee and cocoa tasted good that afternoon. A quick dip while holding on to the swimming ladder attached to the platform felt great. No, I do not take chances with gators

Four windy days like this one (taken from "protected" South Joe Chickee).



in the Glades; I do not swim around in the back country.

My goal for the next two days was to explore the northern part of Whitewater Bay, where I had never been. Wind or no wind, I was going to do just what I had planned. I had to, because I did not have any other overnight options, other than being whisked out of here by a Park Ranger boat, which was totally out of the question. So I went out Cormorant Pass and headed NE towards the Watson River Chickee. It had a very far-away feeling to it. From there I paddled through some most interesting as well as tricky channels up a sidearm of the North River to the North River Chickee, which felt even farther away from civilization. Waves decreased markedly up the river, the wind, however, only somewhat, because the mangroves on shore were more bushy than tree-like.

After a brief granola and water stop at the chickee, I pushed on in an easterly direction to the main arm of the North River and from there via The Cutoff into Roberts River. A tad south from there was the Roberts River Chickee. 3 kayaks had already pulled out and were setting up camp. They had done my today's run in two days (Oyster Bay to Watson R. and Watson R. to Roberts R.).

It turned into a lovely, sunny afternoon. I even took a bailer-bath, i.e. picked up water in my 1-gallon bailer and poured it over me. As I mentioned above, no real swimming, because of the ever-present gators. Then a Ranger boat stopped by. "Hi, Reinhard. How are things going?" I suddenly heard a friendly voice call out. It was John and Donna, my two backcountry volunteer ranger friends from Flamingo. They weren't checking up on me and my/their boat? Nah! But they had picked up another boater with boat and gear, I noticed, but I did not ask why. I did not want to know. Both were proud that I had made it that far and that I was still on schedule. "There is more wind coming the next two days. Be careful!" And with that he handed us each a can of ice-cold beer. That really hit the spot and started a very friendly talk among the four of us campers.

Next morning I was again off early, while my friends took it a bit easier, since they only had to scoot down the river and into Lane and Hells Bay. I, on the other hand, had to cross big Whitewater Bay, from the mouth of Roberts River to the Midway Keys and from there into a small contorted arm that would eventually lead to the Joe River and South Joe Chickee.

The calm of the early morning was short-lived, and I had to dance across the open stretches. When I got to South Joe, it was blowing so hard, even in that little cove

where the chickee was, that I wondered whether I could even get out onto that much higher new chickee and unload my boat, without being slammed against the posts and upsetting, or being pushed under the platform. Putting up my tent in this wind was another big problem. But I thought things out in advance, concentrated on one thing at a time, and everything worked out just fine. I again hauled out the boat and this time used it as a stopper behind my tent. It was one of the windiest days and nights ever. It even started to rain during the night, and I had left off my rain fly because I was afraid it would tear and fly away, and I had hoped the chickee's sun roof would suffice. Ah well, it was my last night in the Glades. I was in, and everything was pre-packed for tomorrow; whatever got wet would have to dry later.



South Joe - last night out (on newer, higher chickee).

The Home Stretch

By morning the wind had turned to the east, exactly my direction of travel across a wide open bay. It was blowing a steady 20-25 knots again, right in my face, whipping up big breaking waves. But the rain had stopped. That was good. I took a deep breath. I got up as early as possible, skipped breakfast, got into my Gore-Tex suit and put on my life jacket, since I anticipated a very wet last 11.5 miles back to Flamingo, where I had arranged to meet John between 11:00 a.m. and high noon.

Taking down my tent, I again had to carefully weigh down everything, especially my 10 ounce carbon fiber canoe paddles. If they blew away, I would be stranded - totally, helplessly marooned. My plan of departure, though, worked out perfectly. Despite the waves, I got into my boat fine from the much higher chickee platform, managed to pack and secure my gear, before paddling off with almost grim determination and extra power. For that, I had left my canoe seat as high as it will go (as I always do) for extra leverage/power, even though that would make the boat more tippy. (John, or whoever had used this boat before, had it set up as low as it would go, like a kayak seat, right on the floor of the boat.)

It was a wet and hard slug-fest, straight into the wind for 6.5 miles, totally unprotected, except for 2 small islands I managed to sneak up on. But whenever the going gets rough, I also put extra energy into my paddling, because if I don't, I won't ever get to where I want to go. I covered the 6.5 miles in about 2 hours, only a tad slower than my usual speed of 4 miles per hour or 15 minutes per mile.

Entering Tarpon Creek, I took my first break and crunched down 2 granola bars and gulped down lots of water. Coot Bay was as windy as ever, but now the wind was on my beam, which was more sporty with such a high canoe seat and necessitated anticipating

the wave action in order not to get swamped or rolled. The last 3 miles straight south down the Buttonwood Canal back to Flamingo were a calm letdown after all the excitement of the last four windy days.

End of Trip

I looped around the Flamingo harbor marina, noticing that the parking lot was almost empty - it is usually filled with boat trailers. At the ranger service basin I tied up, unloaded my gear, pulled out my boat, and pressed my SPOT locator beacon, as I do whenever I reach my daily destination on my trips: I had landed! The trip was over! And it was only 10:06 a.m. At 10:45 a.m. John and Donna showed up. "Be proud of accomplishing your trip," he muttered gruffly. "Especially the four windy days. Not everyone did". Yes, and on my own power and on time, I thought to myself.

I quietly packed up, checked out of the park, and we were off, back to Florida City, where I spent the night at the International Hostel, pitching my tent in their courtyard, only to be whisked up early next morning by a Miami airport shuttle van. My flights (Miami - Atlanta - Portland, ME) were uneventful, which is good; so was the last bus ride back to Bangor. By 10:00 p.m. I was home in Orono with Nancy and my exuberant yellow lab Willoughby, who at that time of night was not able to persuade me to walk him to the town park on the river, even though he tried.

What an adventure it had been again! And thinking back to earlier trips to the Glades, each visit was so different. It was nice to learn that even after 20 years, there were still new routes and areas I had not yet investigated - how exciting! For me, a solo canoe trip in the Everglades National Park certainly beats hanging out on some beach, pool or bar in Aruba, the Bahamas or Miami Beach. This is my type of spring tonic, but I am glad other people think differently; otherwise the ENP would get as crowded as Florida's highway system and its prime spring vacation destinations. Gulp!

Summary

13 days on the water, 176 miles, for a daily average of 13.5 miles. Most days were windy, often exceeding 25 knots; a small craft advisory was up almost every day. My rented boat, paddle and gear, though, did admirably and were a joy compared to paddling a 2-person aluminum boat solo, as I did all previous years, except when I had a family member in the bow. Exploring new areas like the North Harney and upper Whitewater Bay was an absolute delight. However, there are no markers in these areas, so novices will have a harder time finding their way around. The ENP back country sites were in good shape, clean and well serviced; only Rodgers River Chickee needs total rebuilding. The new Plate Creek Chickee, in my estimation, is too high, making it very difficult for kayakers to get in and out or load and unload their gear. (Lying on the chickee, paddlers can barely touch their boats.) It also looks silly on its thin, pogo-stick-like stilts. In short, it has lost all the charm of the massive old historic chickee it replaces. The rangers and volunteer rangers were very friendly and accommodating. Thanks. For more information, check out the park's website and map at: www.nps.gov/ever/ Keep paddling, be safe and enjoy! Reinhard, reinhard@maine.edu, www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

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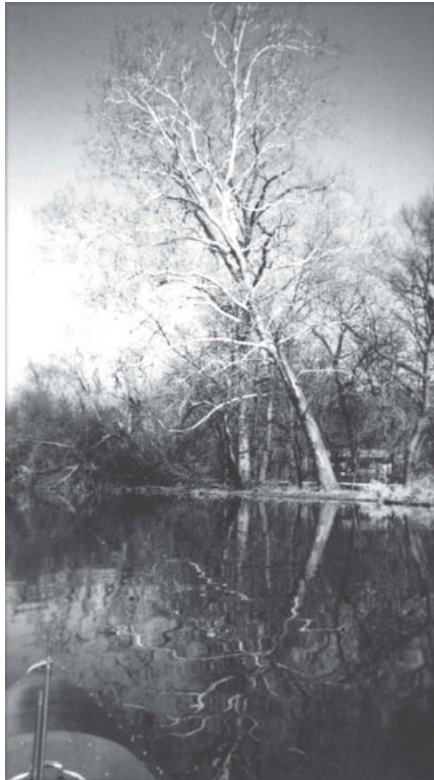
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March 13: A Summerlike Day

March 13 brought a sunny summer-like 68°+ day in the Midwest. My last paddle was last December 31, on my birthday, and it was numbing and chilly but fun. Now I was eager to see what creatures were migrating back north after winter.

At put-in, I was greeted by the “cher, cher” sounds of the red-breasted woodpecker welcoming me back to his wonderful woods and waters. Paddling upstream from the mill and dam, I once again got to view that stately white barked sycamore leaning over me on its 30° angle, leaving me to wonder who will crash to death first, the tree or me? It stood over 60’ tall, silhouetted against the bright blue sky. That inspired a camera click. Approaching the baseball diamond size mud flat, I scared up four Canada geese that went honking away.



Giant sycamore just beginning to leaf out.

After turning around the next bend, I spied two ducks about 100 yards ahead paddling on the water. I was hoping the wood ducks were back and they were. Their bright colors flashed into my eyes as I glassed them now paddling across the creek in bright sunlight. They reached a strainer with logs angling up the bank, quickly mounted one of them and scampered up into the woods like good wood ducks do. Good. The ducks were on spring schedule! If nothing else happened, then that was my thrill of the day. It’s my favorite duck.

Having blown off my gym workout the day before, I had plenty of energy to buck the little current and made my kayak skim across the flat brown water. I paddled and glided and paddled some more. All I could hear were the tiny ripples emanating from my bow. It was good to be out in the clean fresh air and free to explore any corner or shore along this winding creek.

After paddling under the damaged pedestrian bridge and past the old boat-

Springtime on the Salt

By Bob McAuley

house turned museum, I took the left channel around the island. The forest service crew had chain sawed that storm-felled tree that had blocked the channel last fall. It was quiet paddling around the island save for the distant hammering of the woodpecker searching for breakfast.

After passing the island’s head, I turned left and paddled back into the main stream. Most of the shoreline trees and bushes still wore their drab winter colors. Getting tired from the cramped cockpit, I decided to land on a mini dry-looking mud bank and stretch a bit. I tested the mud and climbed out. I’m lucky I can still get in and out unassisted. After topping off my granola bar I hopped back in and continued upstream to visit that “Giant Cottonwood Tree Stump” that shows up quite well in the springtime before the leaves bloom out. I snapped its picture and headed back.



Last year’s fallen cottonwood, now a stump and trunk, stands out before green up begins to obscure it.

After clearing the island in fast water, I was pleasantly surprised to see my “old friend” the belted kingfisher come winging by. He landed in a close-by tree. I would like to say that he landed on my kayak’s bow with a big fish in his mouth, but that would be another fish tail.

I saw no herons but maybe they’ll be by next week. I scooped up the usual errant golf ball while overhead I heard the unmistakable bugling of the migrating sandhill cranes flying up from Indiana. I spotted them circling in flocks and riding a thermal upward to gain the faster southern winds. Spring has arrived!

April 18: A Short Paddle

Woke to a sunny blue sky day, forecast 70°+, but gusty in the morning. Went off early to a 12-hour fast and blood draw at the hospital and continued to McDonalds across from the put-in at the creek. After downing an Oat-N-Meal/Fruit breakfast, I escaped the Golden Arches with coffee in hand.

Two seagulls greeted me while they eyed their breakfast floating above the dam. The southwest wind was already kicking up. But I was here and decided to give it another try. The current was strong after our latest rain.

As I paddled upstream that giant sycamore was just beginning to leaf out against the day’s blue sky. After a two-week absence, I was alone on the water and had the whole creek to myself. The only traffic were birds and fish! The warm wind at my back felt good and the building wind pushed me upstream

against the current.

Ahead of me paddled four ducks. The green-headed ones were mallards but the other two turned out to be blue wing teal, which I hadn’t seen on the creek before. I swapped sides of the creek to give them more room on their mating mudflat.

Looking up I spotted what looked like a golden eagle hovering in the sky about 150’ above my head. It was definitely dark brown in color and not that old turkey vulture that haunts these woods. Its wings were not completely outstretched, but tucked slightly as though trapping the rising thermals and just hanging over one target...me.

I had to move on as he was making me lose my balance while bending backwards looking upward through the binoculars. I really wanted to check on that wood duck family and so I skirted closely along a bushy bank, using the wind to push me around the bend. I spotted a movement across the creek 40 yards ahead on the water and glassed it.

The male woody! He may have seen me and paddled across the stream onto my side and up that same log he used a couple weeks ago. This time I edged to within 20 yards as he eyed me suspiciously. He waddled back and forth on that log then disappeared back into the woods where I suspect there is a nest.

I backed off to let them do their ducky thing. The winds were picking up and getting gusty. I was satisfied at still being around and in the right spot to witness mother nature rolling on.

I paddled back against that gusty but warm wind. It was just good to get out in the open water even if it was only for 40 minutes. Twenty minutes later I was home munching on a blueberry turnover and finishing that delightful cup of Mac coffee.

April 24: An Orange Horseshoe Butterfly

With my kayak parked in the water alongshore just north of the island, while seated in my its cockpit, I stretched my cramped legs. After paddling over a mile against the spring current, I reached for my breather snack of cheddar cheese crackers. Chilled wine would have tasted better about then but good old Lake Michigan water was a welcome relief.

Mother Nature had already treated me to sightings of wood duck, teal, green heron and the usual honking Canadian geese this morning. Now I just relaxed in the shade and shadows of the budding new leaves. I glanced down at the black wet shore mud next to my kayak and there, to my pleasant surprise, was a beautiful butterfly. Its wings were 3” across and painted brown, black, white spotted and orange striped with an unusual design according to my standards.



The orange horseshoe butterfly sketched from memory, photo was too far away to show.

A small ray of sunlight snuck through the shady canopy to light up its tremendous colors. I thought, I wonder what its name is? I didn’t have a butterfly ID book handy, so I

named it myself. The wings were mostly light brown with a horseshoe shaped band running from near wingtip down and across its lower body forming a perfect upright horseshoe. The opening was at its head so that had to bring me luck.

Gamblers say that you mount a horseshoe on the wall upright so that all your luck doesn't run out! What a good omen. I named it the Orange Horseshoe Butterfly. Orange is my favorite color. I once painted a whole airplane orange. After about a ten minute stay, I drew my paddle near him and he flew away. If they could only talk, what would they say? "Stay out of my way or I'll fly away!"

Seconds later a sharp shinned hawk or Coopers hawk landed in the tree directly above me. I don't think he saw me in the kayak. I had to look straight up to see him and if he saw me he ignored me while he preened his feathers. Finally I had to shove off and he did also.

On the return trip, would you believe an Orange Horseshoe Butterfly landed on my leg for a short ride. It probably wanted a taste of those cheddar crackers! A week later I borrowed three butterfly books from the library. I found my Orange Horseshoe Butterfly in one book identified as a "Red Admiral Butterfly."

Where they get "red" I don't know but, my butterfly's band which made up the horseshoe, was "orange" just like the picture in the butterfly book. Later I thought about that Orange/Red Admiral Butterfly landing on my leg while I was paddling back. It isn't everyday that one sailor welcomes an "Admiral" aboard his kayak!

Next the kingfisher made a splashing kill just 40' away. Then that champion swimmer Morrie the muskrat, made a startling splash next to my boat. Enough excitement for one day.

Then there was "Wilson." I spotted him floating near shore. He was half under-water and needed saving. I paddled over to it and boated it. Yep! If that orange butterfly wouldn't talk to me surely "Wilson" will. It was a Wilson soccer ball made partially of rubber, hence its ability to float. My mind went back to that Hollywood movie staring Tom Hanks who survived a plane crash into the ocean and managed to float to an island.

There he was marooned for several years. His only companion was a washed ashore Wilson volleyball. He painted a face on it and began talking to it. It kept him from going crazy. He had many conversations with Mr. Wilson. I dried my Wilson and saved it for the grandkids.

This all comes on a yesterday news cast about a Japanese student owned volleyball which floated 3000 miles to Alaska. His name and address was on it! It's on its way back to Japan following last years tsunami. The winds were warm and at my back during the return downstream and Wilson and I landed safely.

I recognize a familiar white egret friend stabbing fish as he feeds above the dam at put-in. The salt creek water had risen a bit since my last paddle. The egret flew away as I paddled on the opposite side of the creek going upstream. The water is almost calm as the morning sun lights up thousands of floating white cottonwood seeds sailing in scattered formation but in tangled bunches, pushed by light breezes every which way.

Paddling upstream I revisit one of nature's oddities. On my earlier spring paddle I came upon another shoreline strainer. The tree laying in the water appeared quite dead and barren of leaves. However, two of its narrow branches crisscrossed right at the waterline forming a perfect "X."

The lower half of the "X" was made up by the mirror effect delivered by Mother Nature. It was the perfect optical illusion. It seemed as though I could reach down and grab the center of the "X" in my hand.

Two Weeks Later

Now it's two weeks later and as I return to the same strainer, I'm surprised to see the center of the "X" gone! Its mirror reflection had changed because of the 6" rise in water level. In addition, the "bare dead branches" of two weeks ago were now sporting scores of bright green hanging catkins. Fooled again by Mother Nature. Pushing ahead I scan for my favorite wood ducks but only spot a "small" great blue heron. Next comes movement ashore. A mother goose herds her new goslings deeper into the woods to avoid some new danger. Is the danger on the water or in the air? A dark shadow cruises over our heads as I recognize the red head of our resident turkey vulture which lands in the tree above the geese. He finally spots me and launches back into the sky. He circles two times and then thermals north.

I have to pole a little to clear some new logs in the shallow channel by the island. The "cher" calls of the local red bellied woodpecker and the red wing blackbirds are the audio treats of the morning.

I finally scare up the wood ducks off of a strainer on the fast water side of the island on the return. The water's warming and the fish are jumping. Will I ever catch that elusive "Big Billy Bass this year? Maybe I'll try fishing under that illusive "X."

I'm lucky to be able to paddle in my own "Walden's Pond." Sometimes it's the little details that make life so interesting. It was a swell paddle today. Lets all keep paddlin'...

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I don't remember the date we opened the light in '65, but it must have been sometime in March because by April 11 the opening work had been completed. This consisted of hauling all of the gear back out to the light that we had removed the previous fall and getting up the equipment we had secured at the light.

The first thing we would do was start the generator engines to get the batteries recharged. After removing the shutters, we started setting up housekeeping and the next several days were busy getting the living quarters washed down, swept out and made livable. Turning to the outside, we used the P60 fire pump to draw water from the lake and hose down the building to rid it of all the accumulated spider nests and the majority of dust and grit that had accumulated.

All of this usually took a week or so and all of the assigned personnel would have been aboard. This year there were only three of us in the complement, and by the time April rolled around we had started our on-off rotation, which was six days on the light and three days "on the beach."

B--- was on the beach which left H--- and I on the light standing a live watch six hours on and six hours off, 24/7. While on watch, our primary duties were making sure the optic was functioning properly, sending weather reports to Toledo Depot via radio on a prescribed time interval and taking "time checks" to ascertain our radio beacon was sending our signal with the designated "signature" at the specific time period so the pilots on the ships could distinguish our signal from Detroit River Light and other beacons being broadcast.

In addition to the mandatory watch duties, we would do general housekeeping and maintenance, all the while keeping an eye out to the shorelines to determine if the visibility made it necessary to start the foghorn. At night, if we could not see any lights in the area of what is now Maumee Bay State Park, or the Monroe, Michigan, shoreline, we set the horn. The same criteria applied during the daytime, although it was easier to discern the actual visibility.

Having settled into our routine we could relax a little, and our day-to-day items could be accomplished in between the mandatory functions. As the engineer, I would tend to the engines, machinery, batteries and what other items needed doing according to an in-house published work list. H--- developed this list on a weekly basis.

Often during daylight hours we would share duties regardless of who was on watch. If I was busy in the engine room and it was technically my watch, H--- would send the weather, get the "time ties" and listen for radio traffic pertaining to the light. If he was busy in the office and I was working in the living area, I would do those things for him.

That way neither one of us was tied to the radio room during the day and could tend to other items that needed attention. From 1800 to 0600 we each stood our own watch, and it was understood that if we were in our bunks off watch, unless we were called, no matter what we heard, we could remain in our bunks and assume whoever was up would handle the situation.

It was pleasant doing the work in the engine room in the early spring with the doors and windows open. A breeze would blow through the spaces and make it rather

Toledo Light Tornado of '65

By Tim Mayer



pleasant. After the engine room got squared away, the windows washed, deck and walls painted and any repairs taken care of, it was an easy matter to keep them that way with just a little effort each day.

As I recall, early April '65 was one of those warm Aprils that promised early flowers and gardens at home. We knew it was Palm Sunday, April 11, but being on the light there was no variance in the routine. The air temperature at the light was unusually warm even with the still chilly lake water temperature.

I took the opportunity to put our skiff over the side using the hand-operated crane that was mounted on the west side of the crib. The crane worked well but was very slow and letting the boat down took several minutes. I rowed around the light a few times, then came back, hooked the cable to the sling and climbed back up to the crib and began cranking in the cable. When the boat was even with the crib, I just swung the crane in and set the boat down on the cradle, leaving the crane whip hooked up to the sling.



Later that afternoon there was a haze, which was very nearly heavy enough to warrant the foghorn. Looking to the east and north it was hard to tell where the horizon ended and the sky began. H--- and I stood on the crib looking towards Toledo and remarked that it was eerily still, the colors in the atmosphere were unusual and not what they should be. We knew that there would be some weather on the way and probably thunderstorms.

We decided late in the afternoon to shut the heavy outer doors of the engine room and make sure the weight was two-blocked. (This weight drove the optic's rotation through a clockwork mechanism in the event of a power failure. This and a mantel lantern set on a small pedestal so the mantel was centered in the middle of the bull's eye of the

lens were the emergency measures to ensure the light could still be shown, albeit at quite a diminished value.

We kept watching towards Toledo for any hints as to what was coming and later in the evening could see lightning in the clouds way off in the distance. At this point we were not overly concerned because we had seen it so many times in the past and a good deal of the time these storms would miss us to the south. There was an unusual amount of static on the radio and H--- mentioned he was unable to contact the Depot for the 1830 weather report.

This, too, wasn't totally uncommon. Weather conditions or the Depot was on another frequency talking to one of the CG boats on a case occasionally made it impossible to raise them. He had made the attempt and logged it. We were convinced it was atmospheric and didn't think much more about it. We were able to hear on the weather broadcast that there were severe thunderstorms in the area and that west of us there had been tornadoes. Since I had the mid-watch (2400-0600) I told H--- I was going to turn in. I remember looking out the day room window towards Toledo and seeing a few rain drops on the glass, but other than that, nothing much had changed other than the clouds and lightning seeming to be higher in the sky. I made an offhand remark to H--- something to the effect of "... it's on the way, see you later."

My room was on the second level on the NW corner. I had a closet on the right as I entered the room and the head was adjacent to that. Both of these had doors on them. My bunk was on the west wall under the window looking towards Toledo. At night I could lay in my bunk and pretty much guess as to the visibility by the intensity of the light beam as it swept through its rotation.

On very clear nights with a lot of stars it was hard to distinguish any beam at all by looking at the sky, but on hazy or foggy nights the beam was very dense and sometimes it was possible to see the red sector as it turned.

This evening being not much different than any other, excepting the storms coming in, I went into my room, sat on the bed and pulled my boots off, took off my shirt, doubled it up and put it on top of my boots. I then took off my dungarees, folded them twice and put them on my shirt. Finally, I pulled off my socks and put them on top of the pile.

I wasn't obsessive about this, it was just a way to keep my clothes off the deck and handy. I pulled the covers down and turned in in my skivvies. I watched the light through several revolutions and could see rain drops streaking through the light beam. It was coming down much harder and at the same time H--- had set the fog signal.

I must have dozed off because I was awakened by the rain and hail striking my window. I listened as it seemed to get louder and the next thing I heard was a window breaking and crashing on the lower level. I sat up anticipating a call from H---, but not hearing him, I lay down again, although sleep was out of the question with the storm right on us.

The storm had an ominous drone sound to it and was getting louder by the second. I had no sooner laid down again when there was what sounded like a double-barreled shotgun going off in the room. At the same

instant I felt a jostling and was totally confused. I could not comprehend what was happening. Moments later I realized that my bunk was saturated with rain water and had several pieces of broken glass in it. I knew I had to get up and reached for my clothes but there were no clothes! My boots were there, but the clothes were gone.

At this time the wind was still raging, the curtain over my window was standing out nearly horizontal into the room and the north window curtain was blowing outside where the window had been. The rain was still coming down but the noise seemed to have modified slightly. My only thought was to get out of there and downstairs. Knowing there was broken glass everywhere, pulling on my boots to keep from getting my feet cut seemed like the smart thing to do.

I made my way through the adjacent room, through the office and out to the stairwell. I went down the first set of stairs, turned on the landing and started down to the first floor when I saw H--- standing at the foot of the stairs looking up. He had tears in his eyes and the first thing he said to me was, "...you son of a b... I called and I called, but you never answered and I knew you were cut to ribbons. I wasn't going to come up there and see you all over the floor!" Then he threw his arms around me and we hugged each other. Pretty soon he started laughing and backed up sizing me up telling me I was one of the funniest looking visions he had ever seen. I could imagine. T-shirt and skivvies with boots on.

My feet began to sting a little, so I went into the galley and sat down pulling off my boots. My thought about putting them on so I wouldn't cut my feet on the glass that was all over the floor was a good one. It would have been even better if I had had the presence of mind to dump them out first!

There were a couple of shards of glass in each one and I received a few cuts, but nothing really serious and nothing that my current state of adrenalin couldn't cope with. I dumped out the glass, put some paper towels on my feet and put the boots back on.

While I went back up to my room to pull on some clothes, H--- tried to raise the Depot on the radio. What I discovered going back to my room was amazing. The blankets, sheets, pillow and my clothes were not to be found anywhere in the room. They were simply gone. The bare mattress was on the bunk as though it hadn't been made up since we came back aboard.

The closet door I had left open was closed and I opened it to get another set of clothes. What I found in there was my pillow on the floor virtually dry. I pulled on some dry clothes after shaking them out, just in case they had glass in them, too, then went into the head to see if perhaps my first set were in there. They weren't.

All of the water had been sucked out of the commode, the shower curtain had been partially ripped off the shower but my toothbrush and toothpaste were on the sink where I had left them.

I remember coming back downstairs and hearing nothing. H--- told me there was no radio contact with the Depot or any ships that may be in the area. The TV was on, but blank and no sound, the radios were silent other than a steady light hissing sound. After the horrific noise just moments ago, the quiet of the present seemed surreal.

We could hear waves washing over the crib stone because several windows had been blown out, and every step we took there was the crunching of glass underfoot. We instinctively looked outside to see if the light was working. The light was on, but it wasn't rotating and the beam was pointing at a strange angle into the sky.

We knew we were on our own for the time being, and having come through whatever it was unhurt, it's hard to describe the relief and brotherhood we felt. We were certain that when the Depot hadn't heard from us for a while, and especially if they noticed the light wasn't operating properly, they'd send a boat out to check on us.

At this point, dear reader, I have lost the timeline thread. I recall vividly the damage we discovered, which I will describe in the next paragraphs, but what we accomplished between the two of us, and when we did it, is still a mystery. I have most of the details, but they are like so many puzzle pieces, the picture is there, it's just fragmented. I don't remember what we did immediately, but I am sure the optic took priority because we couldn't get any messages out to anyone that it was not operating properly.

A little background here may be in order to explain what had happened to the lens. I was told at one point when I was first assigned to the light that the lens and its carriage floated on a bed of mercury that was contained in a circular channel built into the foundation of the light apparatus in the gallery. This was borne out by a bottle of mercury I discovered in a small cabinet on the level immediately below the gallery, although I have yet to read anything to positively state this is the case.

I was told at some point the mercury had been replaced with a large number of steel ball bearings that were of such a size to allow the mercury channel to become a race and the whole apparatus essentially rolled on these bearings.

Prior to the storm (that we later learned was a near miss, or a small tornado, we will never know because we never actually saw it, we just know what it did to the light) there were two wooden spars of about six inches in diameter whose heels were set against the gallery tower with the tops, or outer ends, secured by cables to the roof of the gallery.

These spars projected towards the south and north sides of the gallery and we could only surmise that at some time they may have been signal halyard spars. At any rate, when the storm came through, these spars broke off at their bases and, since the tops were tethered by cables, they became extremely large bats and apparently flew around, breaking several of the diamond shaped pieces of glass in the gallery. With these glass pieces broken, the wind was allowed inside the gallery.

At some point it put enough pressure on the lens to blow it back at an angle sufficient to allow a number of the ball bearings to be forced out of the channel, thus lessening the continuous support of the lens and causing its base to drop into the channel and stall in the position we found it. I don't recall physically putting the bearings back in the race, but I'm sure we did.

Although the remainder of that night and early morning are lost to me, I can relate the damage we discovered the morning of April 12. In addition to the broken windows

in the gallery and several in the living quarters, three windows in the engine room were broken. One of them, the north side closest to the door was removed from the casing, carried across the engine room and set down against the wall intact! The glass wasn't even cracked. Except for a few bent nails, one would think it was just waiting for the carpenter to install it.

Its mate to the right was smashed against #2 generator. Our beacon antenna was wrapped around the flagpole on the NE corner of the crib. The radio antenna had been broken from the building and was lying on the crib. Two virtually full 50lb bottles of cooking gas had been attached to the outside wall of the galley on the south side. Both of them were gone. The skiff I had left on the crib right side up was placed perfectly on the cradle upside down.

The striking thing about that was the whip cable had cut its way through the gunwale, through the side and bilge of the boat and was tending straight up to the crane head through the hull from the center of the bottom adjacent to the keel. There were white paint marks on the west side of the light structure about eight feet above the crib where the skiff had struck the building.

The Depot sent out the 40-footer to check on us since they had experienced the same storms and hadn't heard from us for hours. I recall talking to the crew of the boat as they lay just off the crib of the light, but I cannot tell you today what time it was.

One of the first things we did was put the winter shutters on the windows that were destroyed, and I thought in the days that followed how dark and dismal the interior of the living quarters was with the shutters in place. Over the course of the next 24 hours we discovered several bizarre occurrences; the TV guide was in the refrigerator, the log book which was kept in the radio room (first floor NW corner) was found in the office which was immediately above the galley, and neither H--- nor I had put it there.

Papers in the office were strewn all over the floor, yet in the day room, the room between the radio room and the galley where the first window imploded, there was a bookcase that was not disturbed. There was a large glass front dish cabinet on the east wall of the galley which remained intact.

Throughout the next several days and weeks we had visitors from all levels of CG authority assessing the light. Several different sorties of repair crews came out and within a month or six weeks everything had been restored or repaired.

I don't know if the tornado damage had anything to do with the automation, or if the timing was coincidence, but in the summer of '65 new equipment was brought aboard and installed. It was exciting thinking the light could be controlled from the Depot by radio waves, but by the end of the '65 season it was sad thinking that after more than 60 years there wouldn't be any more live watches at Toledo Harbor Light.

There would still be the occasional visit to the light for engine maintenance and whatever repairs were necessary, the structure would still perform the duties it was designed to do, a beacon would still shine, the mariners would still pass but the windows in the living quarters would be darkened and some of the soul would be gone.

The often quoted passage from Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, with which we are all familiar, aptly describes my attitude toward boats and sailing. I mess around, dream, plan, spending the day visiting and talking, fixing, cleaning, talking some more. I like to sail, especially when I can sail or motor to a restaurant across the lake and have lunch.

I do not care to race. Racing is artificial sailing. It is replacing Egyptian cotton with Mylar, brass with titanium; it is spending more time with rules than with tillers, replacing the stars with a GPS. It is a by-product of industrialization and the appearance of a class that does not appreciate the "Wobblies."

The last time I raced with the club members (Lake Norman Sailing Club), all the others had returned to their slips before I had arrived and had gathered at the finish line (an imaginary line from the mark to the shore) as I, under full sail, drifted across the line. I was not only last but I was two places behind the last boat. To be totally honest and to be fair to all concerned, I am not last all the time, occasionally there are boats that "dnf" and I always finish ahead of the "did not finish."

That race day, as I crossed the finish line they gave me boisterous cheers, a nice blast from the horn and a ringing round of applause. This does not erase the fact that they had eaten all of the fresh shrimp by the time I got to the party.

Finishing behind last did not matter then and does not matter now, enjoying the boat and a good meal mattered. It is not going fast, just the going, or better still the planning to go while dreaming about the destination, the place that can exist only in the mind. It is sailing with my tanbark sails while all others are white, a well-planned distinction. It is form over function. It is tuning the rigging and all the while tuning the mind. It is feeling a rhythm of wind and wave and knowing there is a corresponding rhythm of soul and purpose... The rhythm of the universe... The journey to Ithaca.

The Tao of Toad, linking to the past. It is sitting in the cockpit and holding the rudder and feeling the hand of every man who sailed from the harbor the first time seeking a new place and an adventure. It is quietly slipping into a cove with my lady, searching for solitude and sensing every pirate who similarly slipped into a cove seeking safety. It equates a clean and waxed topside, well oiled teak with running wing on wing, romance of wave and surf, equating the touch of a lover with touch of the wind, the sound of orchestra with the music of bow plowing through

Mr. Toad is My Boat's Name

water. It is form over function, the marriage of sea, weather, yacht and sail, past and present with one's soul, The Tao of Toad. The Journey to Ithaca.

My boat's name, *Mr. Toad*, is from Grahame's book. I relate to my little green friend. When I was a small boy, we came home from church, and while my mother prepared lunch, we watched Disney's *It's a Wonderful World*. After watching "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride," I read *The Wind in the Willows*. I have admired Mr. Toad from that day forward. Mr. Toad, a dreamer who bought a nice horse-drawn canary yellow gypsy caravan and had plans to spend the rest of his days traveling, that is until he spotted a bright red motorcar. He made the bright red motorcar his next day, but the motorcar was soon replaced by an aeroplane. That's me. Not so much the reckless spending of my resources, but the all-consuming dream that reinvents itself with abandon.

If I really were "Mr. Toad," I would kick back on my lily pad in the early afternoon and have tea in this cozy tranquil place, relax and enjoy the worn pages of an old book with a spot of brewed tea, freshly made sandwiches, day old lightly buttered bread with crust removed, my favorite thinly sliced cucumber and mint, a small basket of freshly baked hot buttermilk biscuits and apple walnut scones, served with Devonshire clotted cream, a pot of fig jam and apple butter.

And I would lean back, arms behind the head, careful not to crush my nice floppy trilby, a little bluegrass playing softly on the wireless, maybe a small trolling motor (electric, of course, no industrial noise allowed on the pad) to maneuver (steered by a foot control) about the pond, place myself in the shade only moving when the sun relocates the shade (this pad needs a bimini), sitting on seat cushions (that could also be used as flotation devices) that are colour coordinated with the muted green pad, slip my feet into the cool water and just relax, stoking my calabash pipe with meerschaum bowl filled with Cavendish, thinking, mulling things over, an occasional sip from a cold glass of sweet lemon Southern iced tea, plan, look at sailing magazines, *Good Old Boat*, *Small Craft Advisor* and *Classic Boat*, thinking, "Does this pad need more teak?"

Of course it does! Where is an appropriate place to put additional teak on a proper lily

pad? Loving the brass fittings and wondering where I could make other changes, maybe call Rich Hutchens at Compac and ask for suggestions, create a sketch, make a note or two and plan for pad improvements, plan for the next adventure, how could I make this the most admired pad on the pond, consider the next upgrade, form over function, do a cost estimate, write out a detailed order, no stamps necessary, it's just a plan.

And later in the evening as the sun is setting and I sit back and dream, dream about other places where the sun sets, dream about things that could be and, as the sun makes its final slip below the reeded edge of the pond, strike a torch, light the brass oil lamps and enjoy a cold roast beef sandwich, the beef rare and thinly sliced neatly layered on rye with French provolone and whole grain Dijon mustard, a half pint of Old Speckled Hen in a footed goblet (I have no reason for the footed goblet, it just seems to be right thing to do), shut off the wireless and listen to the winged music of this place, mixed with a chorus of quiet, fireflies flickering in the distance and later, with lantern and my stout Malacca, my trilby, make my way home following a well worn and well known path, thinking about tomorrow's day, tomorrow's menu.

And in the dawn I'd make my way back to this place early in the dew of the morning, sit with my face to greet the rising sun, take the single server French press and brew a fresh dark Columbian roast, brewed with a hint of chicory, to be enjoyed in the comfort of my old friend, "my ceramic blue mug from Burgundy," take out my paper and pen, sit down, get comfortable, enjoy that first slow sip, take a deep breath and take in the fragrance, think for a second, and with the drink of coffee drink everything from my surroundings into my consciousness.

Maybe the chambermaid would come carrying a tray, with a plate piled up with very hot buttered toast, cut thick, very brown on both sides, with the butter running through the holes in it in great golden drops, like honey from the honeycomb. The smell of that buttered toast simply talks to me and, with no uncertain voice, speaks of warm kitchens, of breakfasts on bright frosty mornings, of cozy parlour firesides on winter evenings, when one's ramble was over and slipped feet were propped on the fender, listening to the purring of contented cats, and the twitter of sleepy canaries.

And then, reaching for pen and pad I would start all over. Yes, that is what I would do, for that is who I am; i.e. Mr. Toad.

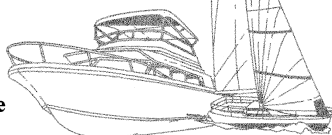


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The Evolution of a Painting

By John Guidera

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

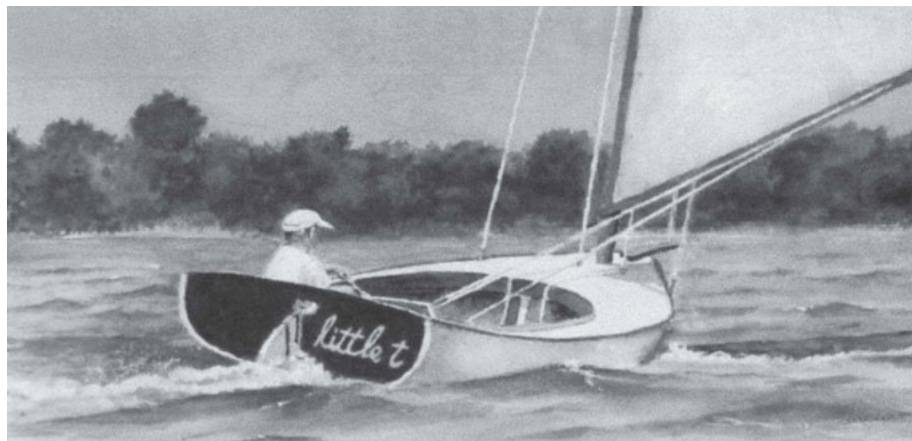
Many of our members know that I paint watercolors and oils. In fact, last year I was accepted as an artist member by the New Jersey Chapter of the American Artist Professional League, which meant a great deal to me. Sometimes folks will ask me how long did it take me to complete such and such a picture. Well, let me tell you about one picture that took 30 years.

I took up sailing in 1982, partly to deal with an early onset midlife crisis of sorts (the loss of a job). After aptly demonstrating to myself that while I was now the owner of a 19' well worn Annapolis daysailer, I didn't know how to sail and should stay in protected waters like Union Lake in Millville, New Jersey.

I did this for a while that first year. I also ventured over to the Elk River in Maryland, where it enters the upper Chesapeake Bay. The draw of that location was nearby camping at Elk River State Park, the companionship of friends and the willingness of my wife to join in the fun with two of our three children.

Roll the camera forward 30 years. I graduated from that first daysailer to a Tanager 22 camper sailboat and from that to a 13' glued lap Melonseed skiff built for me by Tom Jones. Along the way my family became inveterate non-sailors and I learned a little about sail trim and how it moves a boat through the water.

Last spring I learned that folks on the Eastern Seaboard were organizing a Messab-



out on June 25 at Elk River State Park, Maryland. I found out that a friend, Doug Oeller, planned to attend so I jumped right on it and reserved camping space. An added bonus was that another friend, Phil Maynard, was also planning to attend. I figured I could crew on Doug's boat.

Well, as it turned out a wonderful time was had by all. Doug's friend Kevin McDon-



Kevin McDonald sailing *little t*.

ald brought his Marsh Cat, *little t*, which he built to professional standards a few years ago. Sailing conditions were brisk, and I had a chance to get some nice pictures of Kevin from the vantage of Doug's beautiful sister ship, a Joel White design Marsh Cat, *Comfort*. Doug even let me sail a little as we explored up the Elk River and into the Bohemia River.

The next day, Saturday, Phil and I went up the Sassafras River to Georgetown in Phil's boat. Because of light and variable winds and the threatening western sky which marked a fast moving frontal system, we were both grateful for Phil's reliable motor. I recalled previous sails in the area.

The inspiration to paint *little t* came when Kevin McDonald and Mike Wick completed their sail in *little t* from Key West to Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas and back in February of this year.

So how long did it take to complete the painting? Like I said, 30 years.



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My first experience with canoeing was on a Boy Scout trip to Ranger Lake in Ontario, Canada, about 60 miles northeast of Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, at the age of about ten. I was taken for an evening canoe ride by a local fire ranger. His seemingly effortless and silent technique of paddling without taking the paddle out of the water left a lasting impression.

Some years later when I was in high school and spending summers on a large lake in Northern Michigan, Hubbard Lake, an uncle brought us the Thompson wood and canvas canoe he'd bought when young. This was to be our primary boat for several summers. I don't remember getting any lessons in how to paddle it, I just did it as I recall. Soon I was paddling to explore, to look for deer that came to the lake in the evening or just for the pleasure of paddling, especially in the early morning or evenings. Later I would use it to visit a friend across the lake.

I would put a couple of rocks in the bow to bring it down to the water (I hadn't yet learned to switch ends and paddle from what had been the bow), take an apple and be gone for the day. Tiring of switching the paddle from side to side, I learned the J-stroke, although I didn't learn its name until many years later. And I discovered that at a certain stroke rate I could paddle for hours without tiring, covering considerable distances. Occasionally when the water was still I paddled it standing up in order to see down into the water better.

Sometime, perhaps while stalking deer, I remembered the Canadian fire ranger and his silent paddling technique. With this stroke I could often get very close to deer, birds or other animals without alarming them, sometimes they'd pay no attention at all.

I went on from paddling this old wooden canoe to sailing a number of sailboats, enjoying the challenge and excitement of sailing. But I returned often to canoeing and kayaking for the exercise and the sense of harmony of these activities. There is, perhaps, no more simple and versatile boat than the canoe, and there is perhaps no more satisfying boat for exploring coastal areas than the sea kayak. Later I would take memorable trips by canoe. The best of these was a trip on the Abitibi River in northern Ontario. Memorable kayak trips included several along the Maine coast.

I've had occasion to attempt to teach canoeing to beginners. To do so, I've had to analyze the things I'd learned instinctively over the years. This article arose out of this effort to understand what I do and find a way to convey it as simply as possible to others. I hope this will entice others not only to improve their skills but to pass the knowledge on.

Anyone can get a canoe down a river or across a lake. However, a beginner may appear to be thrashing at the water more than working with it. In the hands of an experienced canoeist, canoeing can become virtually an art form; there are some who make it look like ballet. The difference is in wanting more than just to get over the water. As in many things, it is in practice and a desire to learn the fine points; it is in refinement. Some paddling techniques are more efficient than others, some are more effective, others are less tiring and some may simply be more graceful. Others work best in certain situations.

Communing with a Canoe Paddle

A Discourse on Flat-water Paddling Techniques and Some Autobiographical Ramblings

By Chuck Wright

The Skills

Beginners have a tendency to lift the paddle straight up in returning it for the next stroke, raising their upper arm high in the air. While true that the power stroke should be as vertical as possible, there is no reason the return cannot be more horizontal. In fact, it is far less tiring to do the return with the paddle almost flat to the water.

Then one can learn the technique called "feathering," rotating the paddle so that the blade cuts through the air rather than pushing flat against it, reducing paddling effort. The paddle blade presents a significant area of resistance when paddling into a headwind. Feathering is done by rotating the upper hand, the control hand, as the paddle is returned for the next stroke until the paddle blade is about horizontal, top edge forward. Another advantage of feathering the paddle is that, should it hit the top of a wave, it will slice through rather than slap it.

An understanding of elemental physics is helpful in learning to paddle with a minimum of exertion. The paddle is most effective at propelling the boat when the blade is vertical forward and aft, at any other angle some energy goes into lifting or depressing water. But the canoe stroke is an arc, the blade is only vertical or nearly so for a brief period in the stroke. Logically then, this is the time to exert the most energy during the stroke. This is a reason for using short, choppy strokes if needing more power for a brief time or racing, more tiring, but more effective.

Physics again may help us understand the process of steering a canoe. When turning, a canoe rotates around a point of the boat nearly mid-length. This means that if we push or pull the stern one way, the bow and the boat will go the other. Most steering is done by the stern paddler in flat-water paddling and there are numerous ways to move the stern sideways. But first perhaps we should understand why the canoe doesn't go straight. If we could paddle right down the centerline of the boat, it would go straight, barring other influences like wind. But we can't, we have to paddle off to one side and some of our paddling energy inevitably goes to turning the canoe away from the side on which we paddle. So now we can see how to turn the boat in a turn away from the side we're paddling on, simply do the power stroke farther out from the side of the boat. This is called a "sweep" stroke. We can finish this stroke by pulling the blade sharply in toward the stern for a sharper turn.

But what about turning toward the side we are paddling on, or even just going straight? We can just keep switching sides and get where we want with a bit of weaving. If we keep the paddle as near to the side of the boat as possible, the weaving can be minimized. In fact, we can even reach under the boat a bit to power it from nearer the centerline. Now, by switching paddling sides regularly, we can reduce the energy expended

on anything but moving the boat forward. Unsurprisingly, this is a technique racers use, switching continuously about every ten strokes, efficient but not relaxing.

So how to keep the canoe tracking straight if we don't want to switch? The traditional answer is the J-stroke, so called because the path of the paddle blade in the water resembles the letter J. It starts as a conventional power stroke but finishes with a push away from the boat, the opposite of the ending of the stroke used to turn sharply away from the paddle side described above. This ending pushes the stern away from the side on which the stroke is done. Theoretically (with no other forces present), the canoe would go straight if this outward or turning force just matches the turning force caused by paddling to the side of the centerline.

At the end of the stroke, the upper hand is twisted down (at the wrist) to rotate the blade. The lower hand should grip the shaft loosely so the paddle is free to rotate. Do this in the water before taking the blade out of the water and simultaneously push the blade out and we have done the J-stroke. It is useful to keep in mind, however, that for maximum turning effect this should be done as far to the rear (aft) as possible, reach back and push or lever out the blade. We may use the lower hand as a fulcrum, possibly resting the heel of the palm against the gunwale (never the paddle) and lever with the upper hand.

Another trick: if we think of the forces exerted by a blade at an angle to the water, we will see that beginning the paddle rotation before the end of the power portion of the stroke will also have the effect of shoving the stern over. Doing this can reduce the time spent executing the J so that we can get on with the next stroke. Once learned, the J-stroke enables a solo paddler to even turn toward the side paddled on.

A variation on (or addition to a J-stroke) is what might be called a C-stroke. If we are beginning to get a sense of how the paddle is used to steer, we may see that, if we reach out away from the side of the boat to begin the power stroke and pull the blade toward us with a slight angle, this will pull the stern toward the paddle slightly. Sometimes this is all that is needed to keep it tracking straight.

Another alternative is a "steering" stroke. This, too, begins with a power stroke but ends with a rotation of the paddle as in the J-stroke and the use of it as a rudder until the boat is on course. Again, it should be remembered that the farther back the blade can be extended, the more effective. Very simple and effective, it takes more time to execute than the J-stroke, time taken from propelling the canoe forward.

In practice, a good paddler will combine strokes in almost unrecognizable combinations in response to the need of the moment. Perhaps start with a power stroke begun away from the side of the boat so the stern is pulled slightly toward the paddle (the C-stroke), take that into a straight power stroke, rotate the paddle slightly toward the end of the power portion (J-stroke) for a bit more straightening or turning, twist into a quick rudder stroke to give the stern a bit of a boost into a sharper turn, and twist back into a feather for a return just above the water to set up for the next stroke.

The "silent" stroke referred to earlier is essentially a J-stroke with a feathered return done without lifting the blade out of the water. A quick rotation at the end of the power stroke

and the blade knifes silently forward through the water to a position where another rotation returns the blade to the power position for the next stroke. This takes some practice and good control with the upper hand. I sometimes keep rotating the paddle in one direction so opposite faces of the blade become power faces with each stroke. This is only effective as a silent stroke at slow speed, too fast and the paddle swishes through the water. Pull the blade at least partway from the water if moving faster; it's quieter.

The bow paddlers in flat-water canoeing don't have the important roles they do in whitewater canoeing; their role is chiefly to supply muscle, so in mixed couples the man should paddle bow if they are otherwise equally skilled. This is contrary to what is most often seen (it seems less macho perhaps). There are things the bow paddler can do, however, if fairly sharp turns are required as in paddling a small stream. Remembering that the boat turns around a mid-length point, they can help by pulling or pushing the bow into a turn. What is called a "draw" stroke is done by reaching out with the paddle and pulling the boat toward the paddle. A "pry" stroke is done by inserting the blade next to the boat in line with travel and pushing or levering outward to push the boat away from the paddle.

Merely a bit of blade rotation by a sensitive bow paddler in the power stroke may be enough to help the stern paddler get or keep the boat on course. Another possibility for the bow paddler is a "forward rudder" stroke in which the paddle blade is put out ahead of the boat at a slight angle to pull the bow to one side. This is primarily a whitewater stroke as it slows the boat markedly, contrary to the objective of moving the boat forward with the least exertion, and it must be used with care if one is not to upset.

Further Suggestions

While paddling seems exclusively pulling, it is possible to insert a pushing motion

into the stroke and relieve the muscles that do the pulling. Think of rowing, the oar is very efficient because it is used as a lever against a fulcrum (the oarlock). Now, if we think of the lower hand on the paddle as a fulcrum and push forward with the upper hand early in the power stroke, we gain some of the efficiency of rowing. Perhaps as much as a third of the power in a stroke can come from this push. Secondly, there are advantages in paddling in a kneeling position. Widespread knees make for a firmer interaction with the boat, the center of gravity is lowered slightly and we can lean our entire bodies into the stroke for more power. This is good technique when the water is rough, or when more power is needed as when paddling against strong wind.

The secret to getting around sharp turns easily is in setting up properly before the turn. Often the angle of the boat in approaching the turn makes the difference. Starting the turn early and making the turn as wide as possible also helps. There are other flat-water techniques and whitewater techniques that can be applied to flat-water paddling that I've not covered (like "post turns"), but this is a good beginning.

Having given these hints for a better, smoother or at least more versatile paddling style, let me now say that I believe any method that gets the job done has just as much validity as any other. Surely there are many strong paddlers who ignore most or all of these sophistications but paddle every bit as far or as fast as anyone, so don't let anyone tell you there is a "right" way to paddle a canoe! But I must admit that I get a certain satisfaction from the well-executed paddling stroke, from keeping the boat under control in difficult conditions or from slipping through a turn with little fuss. As with many things in life, how it is done can be as important as what is done.

Postscripts

The canoe we were given came with a sailing rig and my younger brother and I had

some memorable sails with it once we mastered it. It was steered with a canoe paddle and, while in light air, this could be done with one hand and arm clamping the paddle to the gunwale leaving the other to handle the sail, in a breeze, it took two to sail as it took two hands to steer. The most memorable sail was one undertaken in certainly gale force wind as the tops of the waves were being blown off. We crossed two or three miles of open water after which I meant to land and dump the water from the boat (we didn't think to bring a bailer). But reaching a landing would have required several tacks, at which a canoe is not very good even in the best conditions. After the first difficult tack I gave up and merely headed back. By the time we reached land again we had a few inches of open water aboard and couldn't have stayed afloat much longer.

I read somewhere (I think in one of Sigurd Olson's books about canoeing in Canada) that the old fur traders whose livelihood and even lives depended on their canoeing skills could distinguish Native Americans by their paddling style. As I understand it, the Indians sat or knelt at a pronounced angle to the boat and used a stroke that included an underwater return that was brought out of the water only just before the beginning of the next power stroke, a variation of the silent stroke.

Good paddling.

From out of the past, Chuck Wright as he appeared in *MAIB* in the late '80s.



What Happened to Canoe & Small Boat?

By Percy Blandford

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*

Journal of the

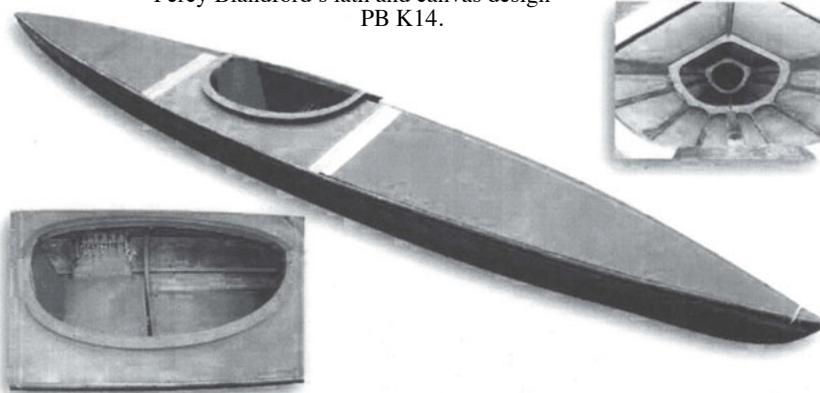
Historic Canoe & Kayak Association (UK)

The magazine *Canoe & Small Boat* was produced from an office in Buckingham Palace Road, London, a short distance from the Scout Association Headquarters. I contributed to it and knew the editor, Roy McCarthy, quite well, through that and our mutual Scout connections. Roy came with me on the first Scout Canoe Cruise in 1947. The last I heard of him was about 1950 when he married and I believe was then working in the publicity department of Rolls Royce. If he is still around he is about my age, which is 98.

When World War II broke out in 1939, like many others, this magazine ceased publication. After the war in 1945/6 there was an acute paper shortage. A newspaper was one piece folded to make four pages. Magazines that survived were slim and on poor paper. No new publications were allowed.

Eventually magazines that had been published before the war were allowed to

Percy Blandford's lath and canvas design PB K14.



restart. Not all original owners wanted to and they sold the titles to someone else. This happened to *Canoe & Small Boat*. I spotted one in a newsagents and thought I had a find, but strange things had happened!

In that issue were a few snippets of canoeing interest, but most of the magazine was taken up with long articles about politics in Middle Europe, very dull stuff, in any case. The editor and others associated had names to match this stuff. Despite this, I thought I would try them and sent them an article.

I had designed the PBK 11 canoe, to be made from recycled and available materials, which were still sparse. I sent them a fully illustrated article. They published it and paid me. Readers had to send to me for full-size drawings of the frames. Over one hundred did, so there were at least that number hoping the title meant what it said and wanted to get afloat.

The magazine never changed and continued to pump out obscure politics for three or four issues, then died. I made a little out of it, but some must have lost a lot of money. Canoeists lost their magazine.

The US Navy has been a leader in using green fuels and this summer an entire aircraft carrier strike group will be experimentally powered by 450,000 gallons of fuel made from chicken fat and other waste greases, algae and perhaps even mustard seeds. But it may be the last time the Navy ever uses bio-fuels. The House Armed Services Committee banned the Defense Department from making or buying any alternative fuel that costs more than a "traditional fossil fuel," and environmentally friendly fuels cost about four times more than the traditional fuels made from "dirty" petroleum.

As a result of successive New Zealand governments failing to adopt the International Bunkers Convention and the 1996 Limit to Liability for Maritime Claims Protocol, New Zealand taxpayers will have to contribute \$35 million to the cleanup of the container ship *RENA*'s wreckage.

Next year's Australian defense spending as a share of GDP will fall to 1.56%, the smallest figure recorded by Australia since the eve of WWII in 1938. (In 2011 the US spent 4.7% on defense and New Zealand spent 1.2% while Saudi Arabia spent 8.7%.)

"It's cheaper to ship three bushels of grain, that would be about 180 pounds, from Oklahoma to the Gulf of Mexico by water than it is to buy a first class postage stamp. Each barge holds 1,200 tons, that's equivalent to 60 semi-trailer trucks worth of material. Twelve barges are pushed out at a time. So a towboat with a crew of ten is pushing the equivalent of 720 semi trailer trucks. That's why it's cheap," explained a Midwest shipping expert. (On the Lower Mississippi the standard tow is 35 barges. Work out the number of trucks for yourself. It IS cheaper to ship by water).

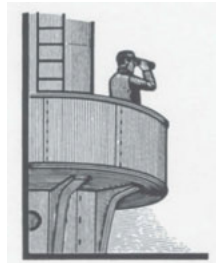
When the engine of the bulker *ID Integrity* failed while well off Australia's shores, greenies got publicly worried that the drifting ship would mess up the Great Barrier Reef. Australia's premier wasn't worried, though. "The green groups' theory is that the more ships that you have going around then the more accidents you have," he said. "If that was the case then people would be involved in far more plane crashes today than we saw 20 years ago, and clearly that's not the case."

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: In the Solomons, the inter-island freighter *Solfish 001* sank and four days later a search plane spotted survivors in life rafts. Forty-nine were picked up by the *Micronesian Pride*.

The trawler/fish factory *Kapitan Bol-sunovskiy* sank near the Cape of Navarin (Chukotka region). It was not clear whether it collided with ice or another ship but all 90 crew were safely taken onboard another vessel (possibly the vessel that might have just hit it). Cape Navarin is located in the north-western part of the Bering Sea to the south of Anadyr and has nothing to do with the Greek island featured in the war film "Force 10 from Navarone."

Ships ran aground: In thick fog, the Japanese fishing trawler *Eihatsu Maru* plowed up onto Cape Town's exclusive Clifton Beach and subsequently was driven farther ashore. An attempt by the *Smit Amandla*, one of the world's most powerful tugs, failed when the tow wire snapped and another attempt failed when a shipboard fitting started to rip away. Installation of a special bracket solved that problem and the FV was eventually removed.



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Ships hit things: Although two tugs were assisting, the palm oil laden tanker *Stena Conqueror* somehow managed to chew up a wooden pier at Brake (a small river port south of Bremenhaven).

Fires or explosions took a toll: Fire broke out in two containers on the deck of the *Hyundai Global* while ten miles off Walton, Essex. The fires were extinguished and the vessel continued its voyage to Oman.

An explosion caused by welding on the container ship *MSC Idil* left it drifting and listing off Puerto Rico. Hull cracks let in water but no oil escaped. A US salvage firm made temporary repairs and, 11 days after the explosion, the ship continued to Freeport, Bahamas, for further assessments of the ship's condition.

It was a bad month for people: At Gdynia in Poland, three technical types were injured, two seriously, when the container ship *Stena Spirit* allided with a container crane and caused it to collapse. The three men were unfortunate enough to be working on the crane at the time.

A longshoreman was killed while unloading bananas at Port Manatee, Florida, when a 5,500lb crane basket fell on him.

In Texas, at a Houston Ship Channel work site, a forklift was loading a truck when a pipe rolled off the forks and killed the truck driver standing on the other side of his vehicle.

In Seattle, two workers were killed on the same day. One collapsed while power washing a large fishing boat and may have been the victim of carbon monoxide poisoning. The other was a forklift driver who was crushed between a forklift and a container.

In the Netherlands, a crewman on the feeder container ship *Planet V* was killed when the anchor chain broke while being lowered in an attempt to prevent a collision with pontoon *E3505* near Flushing harbor. (Outside of North America, a pontoon is usually a flat deck barge.)

In Nelson, New Zealand, a crewmember of the tuna fishing *Capt M.J Souza* died after falling through a hatch into a hold while doing engineering work.

In British Columbia's famed and feared Skookumchuck Narrows, where water levels can differ by two metres from one end to the other and currents can exceed 19mph (30km/h), two female volunteers died when a Royal Canadian Marine Search and Rescue rigid bottom inflatable flipped during a training session. They were trapped underneath. Two male trainees were saved by a nearby boat.

People were rescued: During a race from Hong Kong to Taiwan, the sailboat *Topsy Frenz* activated its EPIRB before sinking. The passing Hong Kong cargo ship *Easy Success* picked up the four sailors.

Japanese Coast Guard rescuers picked up two British solo trans-Pacific rowers after Tropical Storm Mawar capsized and pitched-poled their rowboats. She had made 575

miles and he had covered 700 miles and was about 280 miles to the north of her.

Things happened that spoiled a mariners' day: While the bulker *Frigia* was unloading sulphur at Nantong (it's near the mouth of the Yangtze), an internal pipe suffered a leak and 200 tons of heavy oil merged with about 1,800 tons of the sulphur.

Gray Fleets

A bad fire wrecked the forward end of the nuclear powered attack submarine *USS Miami*, under long-term maintenance at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Maine. Damage was limited to berthing and command and control spaces but the fire was serious enough to cause over \$400 million in damages. Seven firefighters were injured, none seriously. The fire apparently started in a stored and unplugged vacuum cleaner. (Spontaneous combustion of oily rags, maybe?)

The replenishment ship (basically a tanker or, in Navy parlance, an oiler) *USNS Yukon* and the amphibious assault ship *USS Essex* collided 120 miles off the coast of southern California while refueling was underway. The probable cause was steering failure, perhaps due to the *Essex* having been based in Japan for 12 years and overdue for stateside maintenance. Damages were called "minor" but an aircraft elevator of the *Essex* needed major repairs and the *Yukon*'s helicopter flight deck, a lifeboat, and its davits were smashed.

Indian Navy's aircraft carrier *INS Vikramaditya* (former Russian *Admiral Gorshkov*) has started sea trials. Although India will get the carrier for free, it had to modernize the ship in Russia and equip it with Russian-made MiG-29K/KUB deck-based fighters. The contract cost, originally \$1.5 billion, grew to \$2.3 billion.

A developmental version of a standard German torpedo traveled over 87 miles (140 kilometres) in a test. The basic torpedo is used by the German, Turkish, Pakistani and Spanish navies.

The Falkland Islands are not the only place where the Royal Navy has trouble with Spanish speakers. Small Spanish fishing vessels often intrude into Gibraltar's waters and then the fun starts. Recently Spanish Civil Guard vessels appeared to be protecting around six Spanish fishing vessels, two of which had cast their nets in British waters. So the Brits sent out the patrol ship *HMS Sabre*, nets were pulled out of the water after a three-hour nighttime standoff, and everyone went home.

The Royal Navy fleet support ship *RFA Fort Rosalie* arrived in Havana as Cuba and the UK prepared to mark the 250th anniversary of the Battle of Havana. (Did you know that British forces laid siege to Havana in June 1762 during the Seven Years' War and controlled Havana for two years? Havana remained under British control until the following year, when Britain got Florida in exchange for Havana).

In Dubai, a drunken British seaman off the frigate *HMS Westminster* was put into a taxi by shipmates, who paid for the 15-minute ride to the ship. He never arrived.

White Fleets

In Wenzhou City, part of China's Zhejiang Province, four tugboats were pulling the new-build floating hotel *No. 7 Mingzhu Cruise* when it grazed the underside of the Wenzhou Highway Bridge, setting the suspension central span swaying. The master later admitted that he had forgotten to take into consideration

the lack of passengers and the high tide. The unpowered, seven deck (seven story?) vessel suffered damage to its two funnels.

The Indian cruise ship *Harshavardhana* had a fire on board while docked at Kolkata for repairs. It was put out within an hour.

Miss the newly compulsory pre-sailing muster drill on a cruise ship now and you will be sent ashore, even if you are 90 and your wife is 84. Happened on the *Seabourn Sojourn* recently. (She refused to attend because "she had done it before.")

Its 1,055 passengers were thrilled, no doubt, when the *Ocean Countess* started drifting at 0.3 knots after a switchboard failure robbed the ship of power off the Isle of Man while enroute from Liverpool to Aberdeen. After repairs, it resumed on one engine at a steady but slow 7.5 knots.

Those That Go Back and Forth

At Poole in Dorset, the owner of the small motorboat *Katie Emma* dropped off his son and a male friend onto the Sandbanks chain ferry to make free use of its toilets. When the engine of the small craft failed, a strong tide threatened to suck it under the ferry and a girlfriend became stranded on a narrow ledge on the ferry. The Poole inshore lifeboat came to the rescue, she was coaxed off her perch and one assumes the boys weren't left on the ferry.

The historic coal-fueled car ferry *Badger* almost made it to its pier at Manitowoc on the season's first trip across Lake Michigan but a sandbar built up during the winter stopped it short. Damage from a broken piston ring in the starboard engine prevented the ferry from developing full power and it had to wait for a tug. The tug had to wait for a crew to arrive from Sturgeon Bay and so 335 passengers and 65 vehicles got ashore almost five hours late. (This will be vessel's last year of operation unless the EPA grants it a special permit to continue dumping coal ashes into the lake.)

In British Columbia, a series of unrelated mechanical problems on the *Queen of New Westminster* ferry forced the cancellation of several sailings from Victoria to Vancouver. The ferry company had added the vessel to the schedule to create extra sailings in anticipation of heavy long weekend traffic.

And at Nanaimo, about 500 passengers were rushed off the *Queen of Coquitlam* and held in the Beban Park Auditorium until police had searched the ferry in response to a phoned-in bomb threat, but found nothing.

It took a barge-mounted crane to remove the fast ferry *Maverick Dos*, which was completely out of the water atop the small Balearic Island of Sa Torreta. It had run up there at night while carrying 21 passengers from Ibiza to Formentera. (One was slightly injured.)

In the Philippines, the bodies of three people were recovered off Mindoro Island. Apparently, a three-year-old child fell into the sea, his mother dove in after him and a stranger then dove in, too. All three had been taking passage on the ro-ro *Starlight*.

In Turkey, while discharging vehicles after passage from Bandirma to Tekirdag, a truck fell off the ro-ro pax *Yener-C*. Four bodies were found in the truck.

A woman jumped off the Seattle-Bremerton auto ferry. The ferry crew, well trained for such common events, quickly got her back on board and the ferry returned to Seattle and a waiting ambulance.

At Quincy, Massachusetts, a tank truck driver died after he opened a gate so he could

refuel a ferry and the truck rolled back, pinning him between it and the gate.

In the UK, a mourning party was respectfully scattering the ashes of a deceased off the stern of the Shields River ferry when some ashes blew over nearby passengers. One protested to a conductor and was told to "get a life." The party had notified ferry officials before boarding the ferry.

Legal Matters

The pilot in control of the container ship *Cosco Busan* in 2009 when it sideswiped a San Francisco bridge in heavy fog and caused a massive oil spill wants his license back so he can become a tugboat captain. So far, the Coast Guard has said NO.

New Zealand may reclaim part of its international reputation when the government introduces legislation that will no longer permit foreign fishing vessels to fish in New Zealand waters after a four-year transition period. There have been too many complaints of physical and sexual abuse of crews, slow or missing wage payments to them, illegal fish dumping, grossly unsafe vessels, etc. The FV were chartered, often from Korean fishing companies, by a dozen New Zealand companies, and the fishing crews usually came from the poorest Asiatic countries.

Nature

Is high-speed ferry traffic near Hong Kong forcing the Chinese white dolphin to move elsewhere? One wildlife group thinks so, citing a local waters drop in numbers of the rare subspecies from 158 in 2003 to 78 last year.

Five non-West Virginians protested mountaintop removal coal mining in West Virginia by locking themselves onto a barge at Kanawa County, West Virginia. They carried a banner saying, "Coal leaves, cancer stays." No word on whether the banner itself stayed behind when they were arrested for trespassing and obstruction of justice.

In Sweden south of Öland, Greenpeace activists boarded the icebreaker *Nordica* to protest Shell's plans to drill oil wells in the Far North. The *Nordica*, under contract to Shell, was heading to Alaska to join sister ship *Fennica* in supporting the drill ships *Kulluk* and *Noble Discoverer* that will drill five exploratory wells in the Beaufort and Chukchi Seas.

Metal-Bashing

In 1994, the ex-Soviet postwar Sverdlov-class cruiser *Murmansk* was in Norwegian waters being towed towards a scrapping site in India. The towline broke and the decommissioned warship drifted for four days before going ashore near the small fishing village of Sørvær. The wreck was a Christmas present for the village for it was Christmas Eve. In 2009 the Norwegian government decided to remove the rusting wreck. The ship was surrounded by a massive earthen caisson. This informal drydock has been pumped dry and scrapping has started.

The cruiser's name has a US Navy connection of sorts. During WWII, the USS *Milwaukee* (CL5) was decommissioned and transferred to the Soviet Union as *Murmansk* to temporarily satisfy Soviet demands for a share of the Italian fleet. An Italian cruiser was delivered to the Soviets after the war and *Murmansk* was returned by the Soviets on March 16, 1949. She was immediately stricken and was sold for scrapping soon thereafter.

Imports

A largish pontoon, once part of a four-piece floating dock in Japan, washed ashore on Agate Beach in Oregon. It was a tsunami remembrance piece and will be joined by much more such flotsam in coming months and years.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Was it a pirate attack at all? The *Maersk Texas* had just passed through the Strait of Hormuz and was heading for the US when two groups of skiffs approached the ship. They ignored fire hoses and warning shots from its armed guard and they fired back. While an Iranian navy warship radioed guidance to the container ship, the skiffs fled when a helicopter from the Australian frigate *HMAS Melbourne* got close. But EU Navfor did not believe the attack was related to piracy because key piracy indicators, such as ladders in the skiffs, were not present. (Merchant vessels had just been encouraged to differentiate between fishing vessels and potential bad actors intertwining themselves within legitimate fishing activity.)

In March, EU Navfor defined its coastal attack policy. A spokeswoman explained, "We concentrate on beaches where pirates have known dumps. We want to do all that we can to make life difficult for pirates."

A recent coastal attack may have hit skiffs taking supplies to *Albedo*, a Malaysia-owned container ship that was still being held off the coast of Somalia even though \$2.9 million had been raised for its release. (The pirates may have been holding the crew of the *Albedo* as human shield material.) An eyewitness to the attack reported that three skiffs, two tenders for *Albedo* and one owned by the pirates, were targeted. In reaction, the pirates threatened to kill hostages if they were attacked again.

Odd Bits

The search for missing aviatrix Amelia Earhart resumes this summer with some US government support. The focus will be on a steep and craggy underwater mountainside to the west of the island of Nikumaroro, a former British colony that is today part of the republic of Kiribati. British colonial records in Fiji reported the discovery of the partial skeleton of a castaway who perished shortly before the island was settled in 1938. The site was dotted with the remains of small fires on which birds, fish, turtles and even rats had been cooked. Previous research trips have turned up parts of aluminum skin from an aircraft, plexiglass from a cockpit, a zip made in Pennsylvania in the mid-1930s, a broken pocketknife of the same make as listed in an inventory of Earhart's aircraft and the remains of a 1930s woman's compact.

An upside down catamaran that washed ashore at Surfside Beach in South Carolina was identified as the racing sailboat *Région Aquitaine-Port Médoc* that had flipped while returning from a race to the Bahamas in December 2010. The crew had been rescued.

The stately row barge leading the Queen's Pageant on the Thames was not as ancient as it appeared. True, it has 18 rowers but it also has two electric motors. And it was launched only two months ago. Owned by a maritime corporation, its commodious deckhouse will see usage in royal occasions and corporate events.

The first design kernel for what would eventually work out to become *Odonata*, a modified 21' Scott Hudson Bay freighter canoe, came to me as my daughter Bea and I were cruising the Connecticut River between Vermont and New Hampshire in 2004 in a '60s vintage aluminum skiff, a type still much prized and used by New England inland fishermen.

The 13' skiff held our camping equipment and provisions for an overnight at a much used upriver canoe campsite. The trip was conceived, planned for and outfitted that very June Saturday morning, hasty enough to be regarded as an adventure at a time when my daughter's age of 11 years could usually be counted on for a willing yes to anything out of the ordinary and, in my late 40s, another diversion from my still unfinished, 15-year house building project.

The boat belonged to Earl, Bea's grandpa, who surprised me at his willingness to let us use it for something other than a fishing trip. He had a nearly new Honda four-stroke 5hp motor on the transom, so I knew we wouldn't likely have any motor problems like he used to experience with his old Johnson, a rattly little beast that required considerable knowledge of internal combustion engines to operate.

I had it in my head that Bea and I could motor upriver from Hanover, New Hampshire, to a campsite I had used two years earlier on a Boy Scout canoe trip down the river, a trip we didn't have the time, nor her the muscle power, to re-create. I wanted to be at leisure as much as I could possibly be on this outing, and towards that end I even fixed a round café table umbrella to a thwart to keep the sun off. The trip was a great success, though the umbrella added little benefit, and we still remark about that swell time together on the river.

The only problem I encountered was with the boat. The shiny aluminum was hot under the sun, the motor noise and vibration was annoying after the first hour and unsympathetic to my leisure cruise theme, steering with the motor tiller proved uncomfortable after a few miles and our camping gear became our seats because there was no good place to stow anything properly.

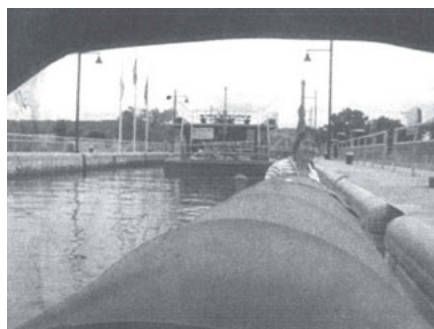
The boat could get up on a plane with the five horse, but not with two people and a couple of hundred pounds of gear, so fuel consumption was poor, even when I throttled back. But a borrowed boat is an inexpensive boat, so no complaints were made to its owner, who wouldn't have been surprised given what we were doing with his boat.

Despite the boat issues, to which Bea wasn't sensitive, we wanted to make similar trips in the future. My son and wife became interested as well when we began to realize the extensive river systems that we could explore in New England. We would need a better boat though, and lots of research and questions later led me to freighter canoes. These boats have been presented and discussed a couple of times in *Messing About* (articles that appeared after I had bought my first one), so I won't go into great detail explaining how they came to be and how they are commonly used in Canada and northern New England.

I will say, for the benefit of those who missed the earlier freighter canoe articles, that these boats are usually over 20' long, topping out at upwards of 26' to 28', have square transoms and are usually powered by

Odonata A Hudson Bay Freightier Canoe Camper Cruiser

By Tim Jennings



outboard motors. To paddle one I'd need ten friends to go along. They are meant to carry freight, and in their home territories of shallow northern rivers and lakes, freight usually means guided hunting and fishing parties with all their gear and, on the return trips, a moose, elk or a couple of deer.

Freighters seemed perfect to me. Here was a boat that could carry our camping gear, was designed for river travel, was lightweight and trailerable, had the traditional canoe hull shape (the boat we wanted needed to look good) and seemed relatively inexpensive. In the summer of 2006 son Brady and I headed to our nearest Scott Canoe dealer, Two Rivers Canoe and Tackle, in Medway, Maine (about an hour north of Bangor), determined to return with a fiberglass Hudson Bay 21-footer. Barry Davis was expecting us and gave us a thorough introduction to the boat type.

Unfortunately, sitting next to the new plastic Hudson Bay was a nearly new Northwest 24-footer of varnished wood and canvas construction, the prettiest canoe I'd ever seen. Problem was, Barry wanted the same amount of money for either boat. I could have my pick. Barry was not making this easy, and I never in my life had my gut and my heart so opposed to one another. I had no garage, so keeping the fiberglass boat would be much easier than maintaining the wooden boat. But we would look mighty fine in that wooden boat. I had in mind to make some gear lockers, which would be easier to install in the fiberglass boat. But we would look mighty fine in that wooden boat.

Our appearance in the wooden boat was looking even better when Barry informed me that the wooden boat, though longer, was actually lighter than the fiberglass version. He then stepped away, not wanting to be in any way responsible for the final decision. Brady, all of a naïve 16 at the time, kept reminding me how good we would look in that big, dramatically upswept bow of the varnished Northwest.

The Hudson Bay, though a nice looking boat in its own right, just didn't say "voyageur" quite as well as the Northwest. But I needed to be practical about this. I didn't come up here to buy a wooden boat. I was not prepared to maintain, a wooden boat, something I knew a little about as we had owned a Beetlecat sailboat for a couple of years.

We left Maine with the Hudson Bay in tow, having purchased the boat, a new 8hp Honda four-stroke, a canvas mooring cover and a galvanized trailer for around \$6,600.

On the drive back to New Hampshire I kept looking in the rear view mirror and thinking, "... what have I done?... that's one huge canoe... my gosh that thing is big... holy cow that's a lot of boat trailing behind me... what will Becky and Bea think?... gracious, this boat is enormous... thank the good Lord I didn't buy the Northwest at two feet longer... maybe we could use it for a swimming pool... is the driveway big enough?... goodness, I've got to pay attention to where I park with this thing... do we look silly?... and so on.

Fortunately, by the time we reached central New Hampshire the boat began to get smaller and felt comfortable, its 250lb hull hardly noticeable streaming out behind our compact SUV.

Our first trips in the boat were more or less what we had planned them to be, overnight camping trips along the Connecticut



River. We also put in at Whitehall, New York, at the southern tip of Lake Champlain and motored up to Fort Ticonderoga and back, a trip that led us to thinking about the New York canal system, the Hudson River and other possible cruising grounds.

One fall weekend we left the Burlington, Vermont, waterfront and headed out into Lake Champlain proper, intending to explore an island way out there, which meant crossing a stretch of wide open water. We had two adults and five kids aboard. As soon as I cleared a headland north of Burlington and entered the unhindered fetch of the northern wind blowing down the length of the lake, I thought I had made a big mistake. I hadn't seen the whitecaps from the shore and there we were, pounding along, unsure of what the boat could take, with kids inside who were not my own.

The boat handled the chop wonderfully, and by the time we headed back from exploring the posted island, we were all having a thrill ride, quartering the waves that were at least three feet by then. I can't say that I look forward to boating on waters like that again, but it's nice to know the boat can handle them.

The river camping trips began to point out some issues that I hadn't thought about. One, sometimes we just could not find a campsite. We can't just plop down anywhere on private property and many of the river islands aren't suitable in terms of level ground or accessibility. The established campsites, maintained by volunteers, are really meant for paddlers.

We found ourselves giving up campsites to late arrival paddling parties, which seemed the right thing to do, or shared the campsites, usually amicably, though sometimes with negative comment about our motor (always retracted with apologies when we mentioned the firewood and beer we were carrying). And sometimes we found ourselves wanting to tie up at a marina or a village dock where camping just wouldn't work.

The second problem was the daily ferrying between boat and shore all of our camping gear, sometimes in the rain. While these two problems are common and normally acceptable and expected while river camping, I began to look at the boat with an eye to minimizing the inconvenience. Becky and I like our creature comforts.

The Scott Hudson Bay is 21' long, with every inch of that length within the hull volume due to the swept back bow. The boat is 56" wide. Surely there's plenty of room to

sleep aboard. Surely one could erect a tent-like shelter, like a dinghy boom tent, to keep the sleeping area weather tight. Maybe one could even cook aboard. With those notions in mind I began little by little to make modifications to the boat. I made a change and then went camping with the boat to confirm the improvement before making additional changes.

Finally, after two seasons of trial and error, we (Becky was, by this time, as enthusiastic about the project, though daughter Bea had her attention robbed by adolescent cares and Brady was off to college) had built a boat that could legitimately be called a river or canoe camper, as that is just what we do, camp on the river, on the boat, not on shore.

We have explored our section of the Connecticut River thoroughly and taken many trips on our New Hampshire lakes. Our best times have been on the New York State Barge Canal, aka Erie Canal. We've done three, one-week long trips, each time doing a roughly 50-mile section of the 524-mile canal system.

The best method for us is to park the truck and trailer at a boat ramp in the middle of the 50-mile canal section we plan to do, motor the canoe to one end point, then back past the truck to the other end point, then back to the truck. Though that means we travel the same canal portion twice, it's really not the same canal going in the opposite direction.

The Erie Canal has lots of villages and points of interest to visit, so we rarely spend more than a couple of hours motoring per day. We make it a point to find a good walk or hike each day. At our rate of one boat vacation per year, it will take us ten years to finish the New York canal system, then we can look forward to the Canadian Rideau, Chambly, Welland,



Trent-Severn and Murray canals during retirement, plus all the navigable rivers from the Suwannee to the Red to the Delaware.

We also enjoy day trips and set the boat up as a picnic launch, inviting another couple for the day. Four can travel comfortably if one couple camps ashore (or kids on the boat, mom and dad in the tent). Camping is encouraged by the Erie Canal lockmasters at the lock parks.

Our 8hp four-stroke Honda will cruise the boat at 7.5 to 8 miles per hour very efficiently, with a fuel consumption rate of around .39 to .42 gallons per hour, or roughly 19 miles to the gallon (better than the truck we pull the boat with). Our last Erie trip used 5.5 gallons of gas. We can make 10.5 to 11 miles per hour flat out, fully loaded. The Erie Canal speed limit is 10 miles per hour, so speed isn't a big requirement.

The Hudson Bay comes from Scott as one would expect a canoe to look. I removed the thwarts and the center built-in seat, then installed a plywood sole or floor about 1.5" or so off the bottom, with the void between the floor and hull filled with poured-in expanding flotation foam. Two bulkheads, 7'6" apart replace the thwarts. I raised the hull between the bulkheads about 6" above the gunnels with 1/2" marine plywood to form a raised coaming onto which I could then fasten a canvas tent skirt that would shed water either overboard or into the cockpit and bow, but not into the cabin.

The cabin is fitted out with two length-wise benches, split into three compartments each with lifting seat lids. Floor panels that lie on the cabin sole in the 16" space between the benches can be lifted out and fit between the seating surface of the benches, forming a sleeping platform about 48" wide and 6'6" long. All the work just described was fabricated from marine ply and fastened in place with West System epoxy and glass fabric.

The tent frame bows were made as prototypes with 1" CPVC plastic water pipe, which formed a rather pleasing natural arch. The CPVC has worked for three seasons now so I see no need to replace the bows with anything more expensive. Should we break a bow, by getting caught on an overhanging tree branch for example, any hardware store can provide a replacement for about four bucks. From the cabin sole to the top of the benches is 12", and from the sole to the apex of the arch inside is 4'8", making for an easy stoop and walk from one end of the boat to the other and a comfortable sitting height.

The tent is well ventilated with full-length screened windows with rain flaps on both sides and two zippered, screened and vinyl glassed doors on both ends. The tent doors snap to the tops of the two bulkhead doors. The Sunbrella tent, bimini, mooring cover and stern skirt were custom made by Village Canvas of Meredith, New Hampshire, the only parts of the boat modification that I didn't fabricate myself.

Tiller steering the motor is improved by a telescoping tiller extender, sold by many marine supply stores. I installed a remote shift and throttle. I pilot the boat mainly by standing and peering over the tent canopy, which is usually in place at all times while the boat is in use. The stainless steel bimini frame, with an athwartships strap across behind me, and the tent itself in front, make for a secure place to stand. Becky usually sits on the ice chest in the bow and, when she stays in place for a while, I can steer by just shifting my weight a little.

I've gone for miles on twisty rivers without ever adjusting the tiller position. When we have the ends of the tent tied back, I can sit and look through the "tunnel" to steer but, frankly, I prefer to stand. We carry two paddles at the ready for close maneuvering. I would like to purchase a sculling oar for the inevitable day we run out of gas.

The Hudson Bay canoes are quite stable, we step right on the gunnel when boarding from a float or pier. Big boat wakes are no problem once one gets used to the motion

and reaction of the canoe. The bimini and tent are quite light, adding little weight above the hull. I can stow the bimini in about a minute if the wind suggested that I do so, and we can drop the tent and stow all the parts in the hull in less than five minutes. The mooring cover fits the boat from stem to the rear seat, where Becky and I would ride out a nasty blow if we had to. We make it a point to not tempt fate.

Additional gear includes a hassock bag type porta-loo, which doubles as the rear helm seat and a foot rest, a butane single burner camp stove with full cooking equipment, 12 gallons of fresh water, seven gallons of fuel (range about 120 to 130 miles), Danforth and mushroom anchors, boat hook, handheld VHF radio, battery powered LED navigation lights, safety equipment and all the other assorted stuff that typically earns a position on a small boat camp cruiser.

A couple will enjoy a freighter canoe camper who also enjoys:

Tent camping: it's just like camping ashore, but you don't have to sleep on the ground and pitch your tent each night.

Small boating: no complex, expensive systems to maintain, very little anxiety about operating a big boat that takes years of experience to master.

Slow paced journeys on the water: seeing places from an angle one would never see from a car window.

Meeting people along the way: people will be interested in your boat, where you are from and where you are going.

Scenery and wildlife: lifting the motor and paddling into a reed marsh for the night is a real swell time.

Experiencing things that happen that at first seem boring, or uninteresting, but since it's the only game in town, turn out to be some of the most memorable moments of the vacation. Small boats force you ashore when you have the opportunity, no sitting and watching TV in the air-conditioned saloon of your big cruiser. You become wonderfully desperate to interact with your surroundings when you have spent time in a small boat.

Don't want to spend a fortune on buying a boat capable of doing all that is described herein.

Don't want to spend a lot of time maintaining a boat, but do want more time on the water.

Since you can't go out and order a canoe camper, I will be most happy to share every detail I know of the boat type and how to modify your own. I can tell you how to order your boat from the dealer to make the conversion easier, let you in on what mistakes I made that you can avoid and suggest improvements now that I have operated my boat for three seasons, and all this absolutely free just by e-mailing me at tjennings@cardigan.org.

I'll end by encouraging any boater to think about the New York canal system for your next excursion. The locks are in good shape and will operate even for a kayak, the lockmasters are friendly and helpful and the whole experience is stress-free and fun. Check out <http://www.canals.ny.gov>.

I call this outing in Tim's canoe camper a picnic cruise because we brought along lunch. We'd be out for maybe three hours cruising on the Nashua River, located close to the New Hampshire line in central Massachusetts partway between Tim's western New Hampshire home and ours on the Massachusetts North Shore. It was my choice because my friend Charlie and I paddle it a couple of times a year in our kayaks and I knew it offered about a ten mile stretch virtually free of any shoreline development, an illusion of being "out there" away from suburbia's trappings.

We put in at a ramp in Groton, Massachusetts, constructed for launching fishermen outboards off big trailers, concrete not gravel. The river gets a lot of weekend kayak and canoe traffic but on this weekday we shared it with only several bass boats, parked at favored angling spots and later on a Boy Scout camp canoe outing.

The launch site is about midway along our proposed route, so first we headed north towards New Hampshire where the river soon broadens out into flooded lowlands above the East Pepperell dam. The dam is over 100 years old but the flatlands submerged so long ago are shallow enough to enhance aquatic plant growth so we soon found that the canoe's 16" draft (to tip of the outboard prop) was deep enough for that prop to start harvesting weeds. As this was never an issue for Charlie and I in our kayaks as we explored all the ins and outs along the broadened shoreline, I had no idea where the original channel of the river was (it's not marked).

We both ended up standing up (which was very stable in the big canoe) to better see the weeds and choose a path to avoid them.

Our Picnic Cruise

By Bob Hicks

Unavoidably we got into some dense weed patches and resorted to the paddles to ease out of them. It takes some time for such paddling to get the heavy canoe moving but sufficed. We decided to not carry on to the dam, maybe a half-mile downstream, and reversed our route back past the launch site, now with a better idea of where the weeds weren't.

Back in the open deeper river channel we carried on by the ramp and entered the stretch confined between solid banks for the most part, meandering constantly through wooded shorelines. Going upstream we met the opposing current, not much, maybe 1mph or so. On our kayak outings Charlie and I had found this no hurdle but upon returning we would note how much "faster" we were covering ground as the 1mph current now was added to our 2-3mph paddling speed.



Upstream at 3mph we were doing 2mph over the ground, coming back we were doing 4mph, doubling our speed. *Odonata* took no heed of all this at a steady 4-5mph with the outboard at part throttle.

When we began to see shallows, mostly sandy bottoms here, we slowed and in due course decided it was turnaround time and stopped for lunch pulled up alongside the banking under overhanging shade trees. Unlike being confined in a kayak cockpit we had had the "run of the boat" in *Odonata* so felt no need to hop ashore to stretch.

Our return trip was done at idling speed to better observe the passing shoreline scene, such as an industrial archeological site in the form of a long ago abandoned railway bridge and some waterfowl inhabitants at home.

Haulout with Tim's setup was quick and easy, just as well as we came in just as two of the bass boaters did. Their huge trailers behind big Ford 350 pickups and low, fast looking boats with 200hp outboards made our equipe almost quaint. But we had experienced the same environment as they had and as the speed limit downstream is 15mph and upstream "headway speed" their huge motors offered little usefulness. I assumed that they do go places where they can open their throttles, but the Nahua River wasn't one of these.

Our little cruise demonstrated to me how Tim's setup for overnight camping and dinner cruising is an effective way to get out on the water, one can go further and carry more than paddle powered kayak or canoes. In our three hours we had covered twice the river Charlie and I do in that time, but had to forego meandering the ins and outs of the downstream shorelines and the broad shallows.

"When last we spoke" there were two Old Town canoes in our shop at the Herreshoff Museum, newly canvassed and waiting for filler. That was way back in April, 2011. Both canoes were filled with Steve Lapey's magic formula and we anxiously waited the requisite three weeks for drying. Each canoe was then primed and sanded and primed and sanded and sanded and sanded some more to get them ready for the final paint.



Manny sanding the 17' OTCA.

Manny's canoe was painted a deep forest green with enamel from the Kirby Paint factory in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Matt's (Manny's younger brother, also an Eagle Scout) canoe was painted with a nice red enamel, also from Kirby's. The Melo family now has Port and Starboard Old Town canoes.

New outwales were made from Sitka spruce from Boulter Plywood in Somerville, Massachusetts. The first attempt at steaming the outwales failed and the spruce split. The second effort was successful. The greatest lesson learned in this process was to clamp down on the wood in addition to clamping it onto the J-shaped form to prevent it from twisting up and over the form.

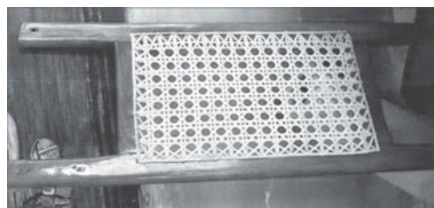
The PVC pipe steam box that the Scouts rigged up to bend the outwales.



The Eagle Canoe Project The Final Chapter

By Manny Melo
Photos by Ray Drucke and Manny Melo
Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter
TSCA Newsletter

The freshly varnished and newly caned seats were installed along with the new outwales, thwarts, new brass stem bands and new painter rings. Some of the tools we used were as old or possibly even older than the canoes! A lot of experience is embedded in antique woodworking tools and is readily released with each use by younger woodworkers.

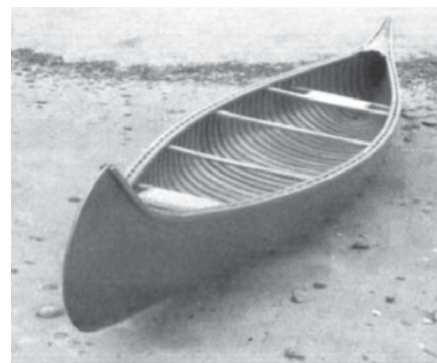


The old seats are looking good with fresh varnish and new cane.



Who needs a power screwdriver? The old brace with a screwdriver bit does just as well and the battery never needs charging.

The interior received one more coat of varnish and the project was declared finished! We moved out of the shop on June 1 because the space is used in the summer months for the Museum's junior sailing program.



The green OTCA, ready for the water.

The Old Town had its maiden voyage on the Westport River in Westport, Massachusetts, in early June and was paddled throughout the summer months. Henry David Thoreau once wrote, "The canoe implies a long antiquity in which its manufacture has been gradually perfected. It will, ere long, perhaps, be ranked among the lost arts." Thanks to Ray Drucke's leadership and the support of the WCHA, the history and beauty of wooden canoe building has been passed on to yet another generation.

The proud Eagle Scout enjoying the fruits of his labors.

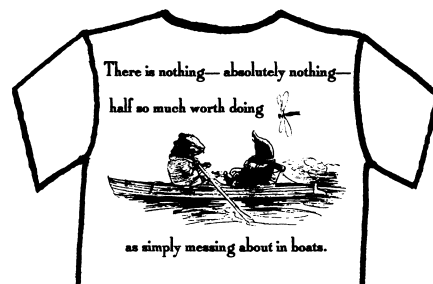


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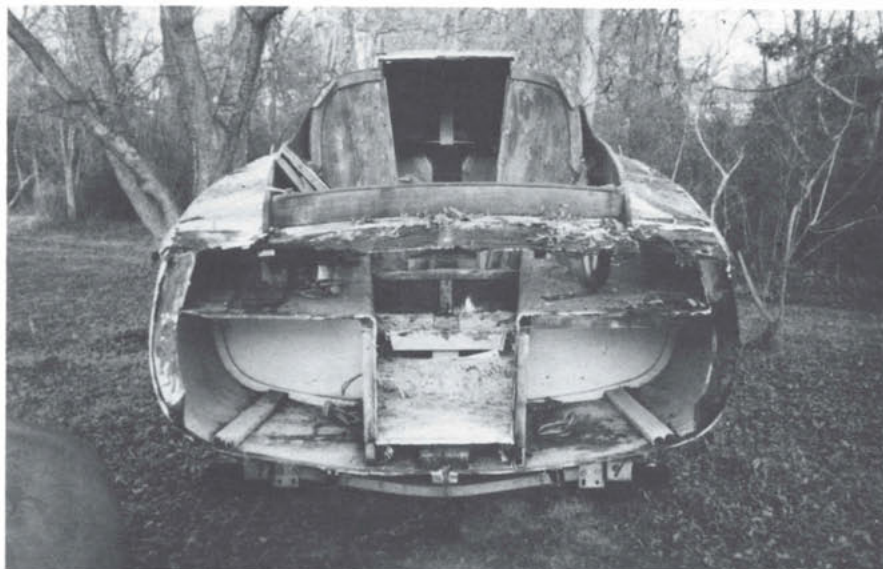
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Can This Boat Be Saved?

Well, OK. Should This Boat Be Saved?

By Jim Thayer



Any certifiable boat nut, even though he may have one or more boats at home, will, given the opportunity, wander idly around a boatyard or marina looking at the boats for sale and remarking from time to time, "Gosh, that's too good to pass up". He is safe only if he's iron willed, broke, or his wife is in the car.

This same fellow, confined to the house, will pore over the ads in "Messing About in Boats" or "Soundings" exclaiming now and then over the incredible bargains. When questioned he will explain that it's only prudent to keep up with the market.

Now I have a good friend and excellent customer who tends to fit the above description. Cortes Pauls showed up at the yard one day with a "thing" on a trailer. It did in fact resemble a boat, from the front at least. He proceeded to expound on its virtues: Good spars, sails, heavy rigging, incredible lifting keel and brand new trailer. It was, need I say it, "Too good to pass up."

He was all gung ho to whip it into shape, just as soon as he got some time. It sat for a time quite at home under the pecan trees and then one day I noticed it had covered itself with a nice blue cocoon. Evidently it had settled in for the winter.

In the spring it stirred not, nor did it show any signs of life when I returned from Colorado in the fall. Sensing my return, Cortes dropped by the yard one fine October day to nurse a brew and chew the fat in time honored boatyard fashion.

As I mentioned, Cortes is a splendid customer, having bought, I'd guess, five boats so far. He currently has a "Rocket" and a fancy "Joli Fille". He had recently unloaded a Scottish motorsailer which had gone from "bulletproof" to a classic "hole in the water" in one trip down the Bay. He was extolling the virtues of small boats.

Over the years we had discussed the possibilities of putting a schooner rig in one of my hulls but I had never had anything really large enough. On this particular day he was showing interest in the plug for the 19 foot "Mountain Girl" which had been lying there a couple of years awaiting transformation into a gaff-topsail cutter with housing bowsprit. I allowed as how it would make a dandy schooner but a better

cutter. Cortes gazed off at his blue cocoon and remarked that "life was too short to spend time on ugly boats". I knew what was coming.

It was straight across and I got the trailer. Let's take a hard look at this project in hopes that it will save some poor soul a lot of grief.

She's a cold-molded (maybe hot) English built sloop about 20

feet on deck and around 8 foot beam with full underbody and moderate deadrise. She had pounded her transom out on a pier and sunk. The salvager got her for free, bought the new trailer, hauled her home and parked her under a tree with a blanket over her. Needless to say, he never got to her. A good chance missed. He finally decided to cut his losses and Cortes was next in line.

Cortes had talked of building a hull to use the rig and keel and encouraged me to do the same. It is an attractive idea but I'm realistic enough to know it would never happen. I've got a half-dozen rigs hanging in the rafters now. If you have decided to build a hull and want to go shopping for a used rig, fine, but it doesn't work the other way round.

I put her right in the shop, ostensibly to dry her out, but since she pretty well fills up the place she will have to get a quick fix or a Viking funeral. There is no middle ground, no working around her, no in and out, no putting off. We blocked her up and left for Colorado next day.

Let's look her over and estimate just how crazy we have to be. The sheer and hull are fair except for the bottom which is obviously soft. One roller had gone clear through and the fenders were making considerable dimples. There isn't a splinter of transom left and no rudder. There is, however, solid landing for a new transom.

Up on-deck, watch our step, things look pretty awful. The plywood is badly delaminated and there are gaping holes. She is innocent of hardware save for a traveler. The hatch cover still slides but is in terrible shape. Between the rails is a large hole. Around the edges it crumbles at the touch, producing something resembling potting soil. On the whole the molded ply cabintop appears structurally sound.

In the cockpit we find rather nice lam-

inated seat tops in fair shape and quite an attractive coaming. The seats are fixed and the voluminous lockers below are accessed only by quite small ports in the face of the seats. One must need some sort of hook to fetch anything from the bottom. A missing cover of some sort shows that the lifting keel (centerboard) is right up against the cockpit sole.

The interior looks as if a bomb had gone off. There are all sorts of scraps of what may have been furniture, a vagrant head (Baby Blake?) lies in one corner, and the bilge has about six inches of damp humus under which the hull gives to the touch. No need for an icepick here! Dwarfing everything is the monstrous mechanism for raising the keel. There is a vertical I-beam which goes clear to the cabintop as a base for the mast. There is heavy horizontal bracing, and a jackscrew with crank. The screw turns easily but the keel (1,000 lbs maybe?) doesn't move till stomped on. There are three capstan heads protruding from the side of the case. One is the pivot but what can the others be? Clamps of some sort?

A gauge on the screw indicates that she draws six feet with the keel fully extended. On a 20 foot boat, wow. She ought to go to windward like a scalded orangutan. The cast iron keel seems rather too much for the hull which is only about 3/8 in thick. We will definitely have to beef up the bottom.

Sitting on the remains of what may have been a bunk and trying to conjure up a shipshape cabin with turquoise wavelets chuckling at the hull I keep losing it and begin mucking about in the debris. Here's a pair of bronze jib sheet tracks, and a cast iron stemhead fitting, and a couple of windows. Well that's encouraging. No telling what we may unearth (ha) down here.

Prudence requires that we sit down with pencil and paper and give this project a good pessimistic going over. I have a gut feeling that we can make it fly, well, at least float, but that's the road to ruin. The long winter nights here in the Rockies will encourage sober reflection. There's no chance to go out and look at her and get all excited, no way to start on some little project, no danger of getting mired down before I've really analysed all the details.

Careful, Sober, Hard-Headed Analysis: I spent last night grubbing around in an attic loaded with what appears to be coal dust. At any rate I came out looking like I had spent a day in the pit. I mention this only to appraise you of my masochistic propensity. I undertook the house project despite plenty of good advice to the contrary and without once setting pencil to paper. There is, however, a good chance of making a few bucks but I'm sure to be disappointed if I keep track of the hours. There can be no thought of making money on the boat. One's time is free.

"Wooden Boat" to the contrary, I tend to hold with the old saying, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Strictly speaking I guess we should say, "Making a silk purse out of a sow's ear will result in a negative bottom line". I'm sure Murphy will back me up. Well this little discussion has produced results already. The boat's name will be "Sow's Ear". None of that romantic garbage for this girl.

Let's work out some ground rules and techniques before we go any further. We just want to make her seaworthy. Makeup, jewelry, and other fancy trimmings can come later if we really grow to like her. Lay on the glass but don't sand it. Go for the cheapest ply around. No Bruynzeel for this babe. "Quick and Dirty" should be printed on the hull to start. A burnt stick would be suitable.

We are faced with a lot of rotten delaminated plywood here. How to deal with it? The "proper" approach is to rip it off and put in new. It will be an awful job to get the fastenings out and there won't be much left for a pattern. Two galvanized ring bolts are the only evidence on the whole boat that the British have discovered zinc. Any disassembly will call for hatchet and wrecking bar.

Without having tried it, I think the thing to do is to treat the old ply as a core material. We will just load the old ply up with epoxy and lay new material over it. What about those gaping holes? How about we glue a piece of 1/8 ply underneath temporarily held up by drywall screws. I recently covered an old "Nina" male mold with 1/8 ply strips using epoxy and drywall screws. Using a cordless drill they are fun to put in and even more fun to take out.

The procedure for deck and cabin top will go like this: Back up with 1/8 ply, fill hole with matching ply (probably 2 or 3 layers of 1/8) and lots of fine (bandsawdust) thickened epoxy. We can use polyester and sawdust if the epoxy budget gets out of hand. Sand fair and cover with finish layer of plywood. Most exterior surfaces, except the topsides will get a finish layer of glass.

Here we go with the time budget:

1st day: Patch hole in cabin top, backup and fill holes in deck, use 1/8 ply to make a pattern for the transom, cut transom out of 1/2 ply (on hand). Muck out the bilge and clean up, coffee in the cockpit while trying to figure out how to rearrange it.

2nd day: On deck with the sander. Clean up everything. Look for evidence of deck fittings and record anything I can deduce. Cut complete layer of 1/8 ply (possibly 1/4) to cover deck and put it down with lots of thickened epoxy. Hold it down with ring nails, drywall screws,

bricks. This may well have shot the day but maybe we can resurrect the two hatch covers and even work on some blocking for the transom.

3rd day: There is a trim piece 6-8 inches down from the deck which serves as a cove stripe. There is quite a heavy half-round at the deck edge which seems fairly solid and would probably be a job to get off. Three chain plates each side are less than a foot long and bolt through the hull, which ain't what it used to be.

We could just back up the chain plates with blocking inside but while looking at the thing it occurred to me that an eight inch strake the length of the hull on the outside might be a good idea and easy as well. I will probably use 1/4 ply and just rip off the trim piece. We'll be careful to get the bottom edge perfectly fair and probably paint it a dark color to lower the topsides. There's a temptation here to fool around with a strake wider in the middle to give the appearance of a sweeping sheer but remember our resolve. If we start thinking about her looks she'll lead us down the primrose path lined with bronze cleats custom cushions, brass binnacle and all like that. Harden my heart.

Today, with luck, we'll get this strake on, glass the deck and cabin top (10oz) and do something with the cockpit. I hate to lose the high seats but the cockpit should be smaller and self-draining.

4th day: With inspiration we will get the cockpit sorted out and get the transom on.

5th day: Assuming we have gotten all the above done the boat should be quite rigid and it will be safe to roll her a little past 90 to work on the bottom. The worry is that big keel. I'll have measured it and figured the weight before now but it looks mighty heavy. It might just squash the hull out of shape. If we can get it out the hull will be easy to handle. On second thought it might be a terrible job to get it back in. If we can get the keel extended we can put a hoist on the end and lift it up thus rolling the boat on her beam ends. How about we hook the truck to the distal end of the keel and as we pull it out it will roll the boat right out to about 60-70 degrees?

This keel problem is something that we just can't really work out ahead of time. The important thing is to make all our moves so that the thing keeps moving in one direction. Unless we've got a forklift we could be in for a lot of jacking. I think we'll play it safe and screw a lot of 1x4's to the side that is going to be down.

This could be a long day or it could be several days. With luck and some good planning we can lay her over, take off the little bilge keels (probably have to saw the bolts) give her a quick once over with 36 grit and put on two layers of 1/8 ply up to the boottop. By the time we have the glass on we've shot two days for sure. Remember: Safety first. This thing is heavy.

7&8th days: Do the other side. If we're going into salt water and use the right kind of stuff we could bottom paint while we're at it.

9th day: With a fairly solid bottom under her we go inside, soak up the rotten wood with epoxy or polyester and give it several layers of plywood or a heavy layup of fiberglass, well screwed to the solid

wood. No fooling around with the interior. Forget the Baby Blake. This thing is just a daysailer for now.

10th day: Mount the deck hardware. Figure out what to do about the windows. Paint and varnish, slop it on. It is assumed that we have been refinishing the spars in our spare time as we went along.

11th day: Cobble up some sort of rudder. Pull her out and set up the rig.

12th day: GQ looking for all the damn tags and stickers we need to go sailing.

If we are done, fine. Go mow the grass or something. If not we have a couple of days of vacation left yet.

Lordy, this is my project isn't it? When I started out I thought maybe we could blitz it in a week. Boatbuilder days of course, 16 hours.

Well, it still looks like a reasonable project.

What It's Going to Cost: More than we think, no doubt. It's really impossible to tell how much epoxy is needed but I would guess ten gallons will leave a little bit for something else. Just off hand for a boat 20x8 I would guess 14 sheets of 1/8 ply. Fiberglass is easy to estimate quite closely but we've got plenty so I'm not going to bother with that. Pretty sloppy eh?

We'll put a flag on her, and a masthead streamer, and I wouldn't go out without an anchor. We've got a spool of half inch nylon that's been waiting 15 years for a project like this and we've got an old outboard that may run. Bahamas here we come.

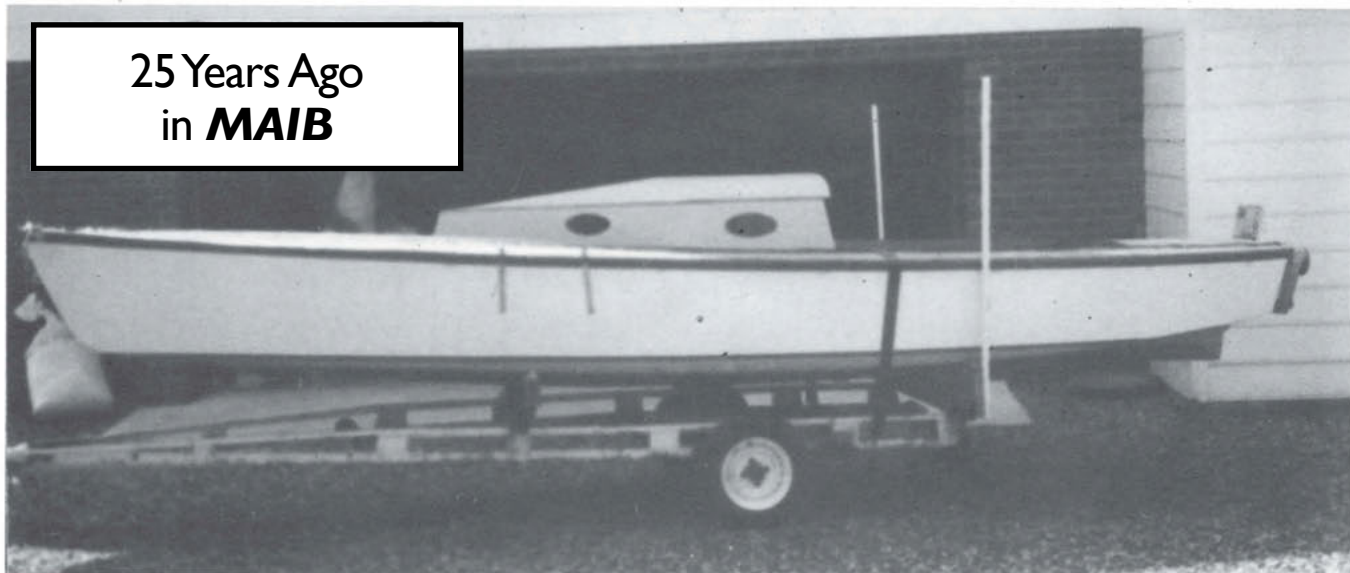
When we get back to Virginia this is really going to happen. Just like we planned. Watch for the continuing "Saga of Sow's Ear"



Portrait of a happy man. Cortes Pauls unloads the "Sow's Ear" on the writer.

Editor's Comment: The next installment of the "Continuing Saga..." has already appeared in the February 1st issue as "Westward the Wreck". From now on they'll appear in proper chronological order. Whenever Jim gets around to them.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Closing in a Lightning

In the early days of SMALL BOAT JOURNAL (October and November, 1979, and June, 1980, issues) David Buckman of Gilford, NH, wrote about camper cruising in a Lightning sloop, and subsequent modifications he made to close in a liveable cuddy cabin. (You may still be able to purchase these issues from SBJ Back Issues, Box 400, Bennington, VT 05201).

Someone who kept this in mind (besides the editor himself) was reader Michael Blunt of Richmond, VA. Michael has recently finished (up to the point of sailing her) his Lightning modification project and this is his report (with photos) on it.

"What with working ten hour days as a musician in our busy season, I was lucky that my brother let me use his garage five weeks longer than we had originally planned for our Lightning job. The bottom's painted, the mast stepped, the rig set and I hope to go sailing Saturday (July 11th). I haven't finished the bulkhead doors and still have five or six other ideas swimming around in my head, but I decided to wait on these non-essentials and go sailing. I'll be touring with a band all of August and two weeks of September so my sailing season is cut short.

I did build in an outboard well to accommodate a 2.7hp Cruise 'N Carry. I had to cut down the transom a bit so the prop would clear it when tilted up, a 12x12" cutout on the starboard side. The well is a watertight box.

I'll be interested to see how the deck holds up, as I didn't glass it but just coated it with Gluv-It and painted it.

Initially I built up a cardboard mockup of my cabin, fastening the cardboard with an electric

glue gun. From this I made up patterns for the plywood covering and took measurements for the framing. Bending on the plywood was a bear, getting the forepeak to bend into place took three 200 pound helpers standing on the thoroughly wetted plywood. The surface veneer popped in a couple of small places when the mast opening was cut but this was removed and the Gluv-It applied over it after filling and sanding. I hope this will be all of that to happen.

The purple and red paint job is due to the influence of my girl friend, these are her favorite colors, and now also mine after so much exposure to them. I may paint it all in one color in the future to cut down the paint can clutter around the garage. Unbelievable how it accumulates.

A rigging idea that was weeks in fermentation involved a means to keep the jib on the deck when hauled down by the continuous halyard. The latter runs from the cockpit through blocks up the mast, then down the forestay and through a turning block back to the cockpit. My "hold down" rig is a line running from a grommet on the leach to a point on the halyard where it's braided, so as the sail comes down, this line follows the halyard along the deck and snugs the sail to the deck at a fairlead, keeping the major portion of the jib secured to the deck so I need not go forward and gather in the jib immediately.

The boat is named PHIDEAUX (FIDO in the Cajun French tradition, I play in a Louisiana French music band). A friend who owns a J-24 named SPOT (all in "spots") and I are discussing our new unlimited "dogboat class".

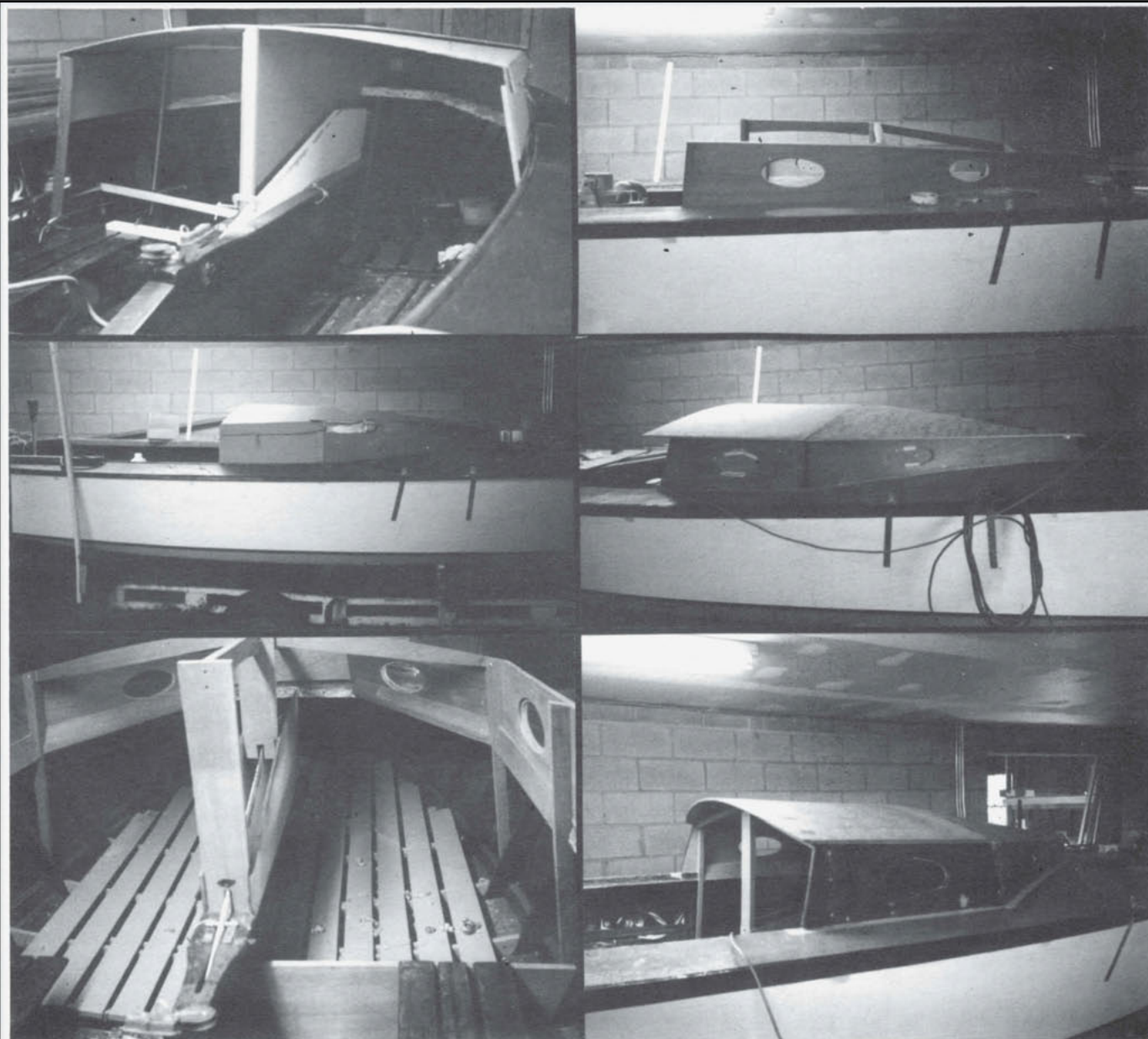
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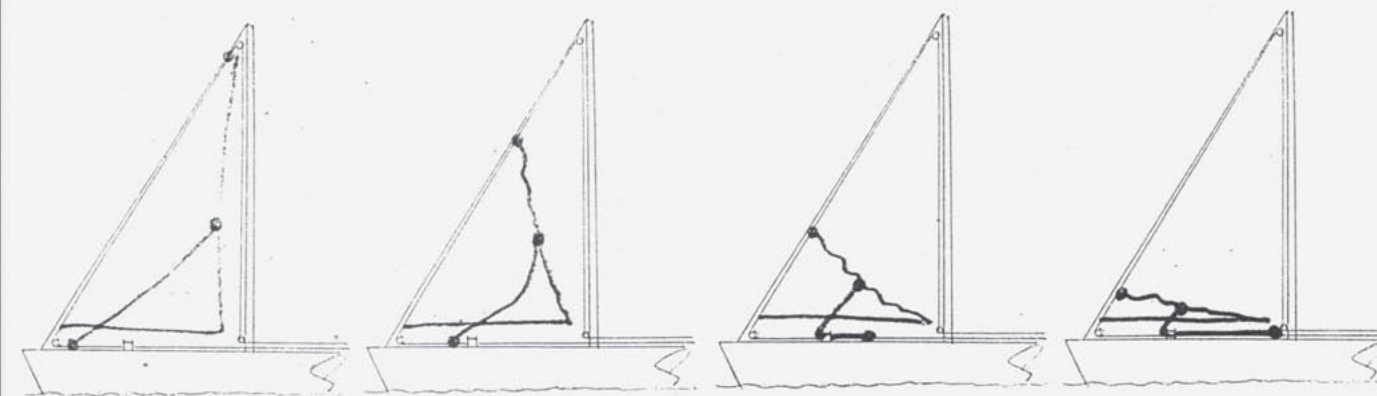
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The progress of the cuddy. Cardboard mockup braced in place; wooden sides and top beams in place; laying on the plywood top; top fastened down and trimmed.

As the jib comes down pulled on its continuous loop halyard, the leach line moves back along the deck, through the fairlead and eventually snugs the leach to the deck at the fairlead, effectively holding the bulk of the sail down.



Last June, when our nascent summer was back on hold (over already?) and cold, wet weather returned as daily fare, I crawled back into my sawdust-making cave and started doing “winter things.” What emerged was a marginally utile shanty boat. Well, it turned out to be too tall and too heavy and I decided to relegate it to a woodland shed fate. (See “*Getting There*” in the June issue—Ed.)

When, after about a 36-hour hiatus, it went back to temps in the really low 40° range and when it hadn’t been pouring buckets we had fog and drizzle, I figured the only way to get summer to re-appear was to do the honorable thing, pretend not to care. Back in the shop my attention to creating moose herds and converting *Old Salt* to a Slow Boat to China was diverted back to re-re-re-thinking the shanty boat project. As Sam said, “You came this far, you oughta at least SEE if it turns turtle, once in the water.”



Sooooooooo, after thinking, “what could it hurt,” I was off again. Boy, do I know what it can hurt. ME!!! It took hours and all kinda lifts and tools to get that crummy little (but really heavy!) Troll Cabin back into that boat. Then I had to create a trailer. The miscellaneous boats lying akimbo on the shop floor are some of the “girls without a date for the dance” that used to sit on *Lady Bug*’s “retired” veteran trailer’s carcass.

As it went, I had to more or less build a trailer UNDER a boat that was levitated over it. And then I had to sleeve the rusted out “wishbone” tubes with water pipes to sort of catch the whole thing if it really cracks at the spring mounts. All those years of taking *Lady Bug* from salt water to storage and so forth really did the steel structure a bad turn.



I went and got it up to 60 on the highway. Seemed to follow pretty well, considering the negative tongue weight. Lots of jostling and clunking but it stayed in line both at speed and in stops. Sooooooooo, we (Beau and I) were off for a simple see-if-she-floats trip. If that worked, we’ll talk about propulsion and maybe finish the trim and stuff. Probably add portholes to the cabin sides and a helm platform over the erstwhile stern seat.

Shantyboat Follow-up (With Mini-Tuglet)

By Dan Rogers



After several missteps and false starts, ‘*Mudgeon*’ proved he can float on his own butt. Kinda tippy and in need of self-bailing decks fore and aft, maybe a bit of ballast. But wow, the “plan” came together.

I have been guilty of complaining about what I call the “weed-eater theory of management,” that is where everybody gets cut down to the same height so, everybody will be the “same.”

Well, ‘*Mudgeon*’ was simply over-tall. That little brick house perched on top was simply too heavy to be seaworthy at all. So Jim came over and helped me stuff ‘*Mudgeon*’ into the shop for his haircut. The cabin was about 14” lower to the water when I got done running a Skilsaw around the sides. With the combo of a lower rolling moment and a decked over fantail, I think we’re on the way to a more or less functional parade boat. I didn’t think it was gonna work at all. That little cabin, even in this now shorter version, probably still outweighs the hull.



I didn’t even take a camera with me to the ramp, so sure I was that it wasn’t going to be worth launching off the trailer. As it turns out, we ran off across the lake and back. Not so bad. So now we gotta go make some decorative portholes for the sides and mount a rudder for the helmsman.



Then, when back in the shop, from absolutely nothing so conventional as a pencil sketch or advance planning, out popped (almost) a micro-mini-tuglet to purportedly tow the mini-shanty around some millpond someplace.

Building *Cute Toot* took parts of three days. But it takes longer to get someplace when you really don’t have a clue where you haven’t planned to get. There wasn’t even a sketch of this one at the start although, in retrospect, a drawing and some sort of dimension plan would have been nice to have. We visual thinkers can be a burden on the real world of plans and measurements and things that actually fit.



The trim and most of the rest of this creation was made out of 1/8” lauan door skins and Gorilla Glue. The framing came from 1/2” MDO plywood. I think I like working with that stuff. It stays nice and flat. I think the “windshield” area will get a cutout to mimic the eyes in that cartoon series with the cars.



When the float test was a go, we had our Diamond Lake boat parade entry, a micro-mini-tug and barge. Maybe. Yeah, I know. I could just reassign *Old Salt* from her hanger queen status and use her for the parade. But this was a selfless act.

I also was beginning to think that the micro-mini-tuglet is destined to be a sort of hood ornament rather than an actual working member of the team. With the motor on the tail end of the shanty and the tug attached to the "front," it should all work like a single hull, with a hinge in the middle. I think.



Well, at least Good Ol' *Lady Bug* is in commission and full mission capable. The toy tug and toy barge are stashed for a while and will probably return to their open boat roots. Prototypes. *Old Salt* is now on Ready-One for the local Fourth of July parade and *Lady Bug* is still scheduled for a run to Pun-gent Sound in a couple of weeks.



There's still a cart to be modified to tow behind the little tractor for *Limerick* (the one on the left hoisted in the overhead) down to our beach for local lake sailing.

All this leaves assignments for a couple-three kayaks and dinks and there's "only" a couple-three more (derelict) hulls standing by for overhaul. Heck, it could sound like reasonable progress. (Need I mention that I once made a career of speech writing/policy creation/spin doctoring?)

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Need for Speed?

By Dan Rogers

There are those among us who would say the Need For Speed in small boats is way over rated. I even agree that the term "fast sailboat" is bordering the oxymoronic. But, while there is no recognized 12-step program for people wrestling with this particular paradox, I do think most of us have to own up to a rather deep, dark secret.

I'm gonna go out on a limb here. I'll bet that NONE of us with gasoline powered watercraft in our charge have not at least once "opened 'er up." Say what you will about relaxation, contemplation, serenity and all those halcyon sounding words that have become stock standard boatspeak. If a boat cruises at five knots and runs full tilt at six-and-a-half, that little lady has had her skirts blown back at six-and-a-half more often than not. If your little ski boat can run all day at 25, keeping the decibels down and the fuel bills manageable, just see how long that lasts if a sister ship passes you at 28. Yeah. Speed is relative. But the only way most of us can avoid using all the zoom in the locker is for there to not be much there to start with.

I went out today and tested that theory. When I reconstituted *Old Salt* from a derelict shell winter before last into a pretty cool waterborne hot rod, I could only guess at how she'd perform in the water. The original Glaspar Seafair series was spawned the year (1959) when the largest stock outboard motor was 65hp. Most people thought 25hp was adequate and 50hp downright big. And I had messed with all the balance, scantlings and general weight distribution while creating pretty much a one of a kind boat in the shape of an antique production boat. I really didn't know what was adequate, even "safe" for that matter, when it came to adding horsepower.

I went out and bought a used 90hp V-4 Johnson two-stroke mill. And yes, the throttle sat in the stops pretty regular. And yes, I have on occasion wondered why I didn't get the 115 horse Merc that was available at the same time.

If I wanted to make a 50 or 60-mile loop someplace, I needed to regularly change out the 6gal gas tanks about every 15 miles. But if the ponies were there, the ponies were there to run. Then I discovered that my big-for-me 90 horse charger had a bad lung. He went on a rack in the shop with plans to get into an overhaul "real soon." *Old Salt* became a hanger queen.

Many of us, who have the temerity to live full time in parts of the country known to some as Not Florida, have what we call a "winter projects list." And like most of my snowbound brothers and sisters, I tend to underestimate the duration of the winter and overestimate the duration of the projects on that list. Somehow Big John is still hanging on his perch in the back of my shop. There is a heavy coat of sawdust on the cowl. A brand new service manual (actually I bought two of 'em, sort of by accident) sits on the shelf nearby. Sockets, pneumatic impact tools and even a purpose built bench are arrayed close aboard. But not one bolt pulled from his formidable V-block. And now winter has fully fled.

And *Old Salt* was settling into the role of a sawdust covered hanger queen. Pretty damn forlorn, if I do say so. So, like I was saying up there at the top of the page, if we

have the ponies we make the ponies run. But, what if we don't have those ponies? Today's experiment was designed to answer that question. You see. There are all these charts with interesting bodies of water that I've been running my feverish little digits over for quite a while now. Of course, I was figuring that the only way to get from end to end and back was the old 15-mile and switch tanks way. But what if?

What if I turned my 53-year-young hot rod into a Slow Boat to China? Heck, I've traveled something like 30,000 nautical miles in lots of those boats with the pole sticking out of the roof at hardly ever at more than six knots for sustained periods. So what if I did the same thing in a trailerable boat that I can stand up in to pull up my pants up in? And a cockpit big enough to swing a cat around a bit.

And yep, I think it's gonna work. Without that 450lb monster hanging limp on the transom, Mr Nissan, my veteran long, long shaft eight horse two-stroke with the semi-cort nozzle around the prop and about 30 pounds of sound deadening stuff in the cowl and a special one of a kind rerouting of the exhaust pressure relief below the water, does a pretty fair imitation of an "adequate" motor all by himself.

Granted, steering a cuddly cabin boat while leaning back over the splashwell and wrestling the motor back and forth is not what the doctor ordered. But what if?

What if I put a sailboat rudder on that now vacant transom and left the kicker motor offset to starboard? For one, I can stand up and steer with the tiller between my knees just like most of us do most of the time in our sailboats, especially when motor-ing. Also, the conventional tiller pilot fits just fine. Basically *Old Salt* scrapped the hanger queen moniker in one swell foop.

Instead of swapping gas tanks every 15 miles, I only have to have one tank for the whole day. Instead of hanging on to a wheel with one hand and the other poised on the throttle to back off at an instant's notice (to avoid rocks, logs, other boats and similar nuisances) I now get to set Autodial in Mr Nissan to a pleasant timber and pitch, sit on a stool and watch the world slide by at about five knots. She even planes out at around eight knots. Of course, I had to wind it up. Just to see. Wouldn't you?

Did I mention "relaxing, contemplative, serene?" It's probably good to slow down and actually see something. But only if you don't have any other choice...

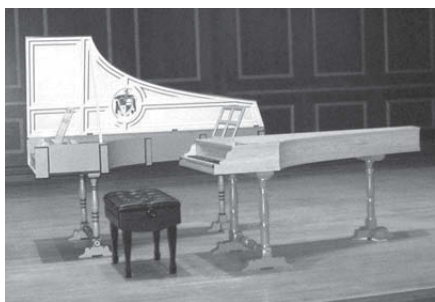
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You guys see these pictures and think you can be boatbuilders like me. No way, I'm a one of a kind builder, my style is unique, you'll see a perfect example here later. Now, Ernie is an exception, he didn't think he could build anything but took the old piece of junk boat we bought just to get the trailer and fixed it up. He did it because it's so strange and it turned out to be really cool. He just retired and needed something to get his mind off work. It took me a year to get used to not having to get up on Monday morning.



This harpsichord picture is an example of another wannabe wooden builder. Just because Robert can build real airplanes out of wood that don't fall to earth and kill the pilots and these little piano-like things doesn't mean he's a real wood builder. Check out his website here and you'll see some of the stuff he does. If your wife is into harpsichords maybe you shouldn't let her see this one: <http://www.robertbrookeharpsichords.com/About-Us.html>

Another guy trying to be as good as me is Glenn Hayes. He thinks his professional pictures are as good as my little pocket job photos. For some more Cedar Key shots go to his site and over to client stuff and down to C/K. Yeah, but can he drop his cameras in the ocean: <http://www.hayesstudios.com/>



And the hits just keep on coming. It's been at least a week since Mike Wick finished his latest melonseed and he got the no-boat-to-build-itch and saw this twelve-and-a-half fixer upper on Craigs List and couldn't resist. How many boats does a man need anyway? (We had 47 around here at last count.)

Wannabe Boat Builders

By Dave Lucas



While we were sailing at C/K Jim went air sailing in California. He's still talking about following thermals along the mountain ridges, says he could've stayed up all day playing with the birds. I may have skipped C/K also to do that.



Here's my *Helen Marie* getting her windows installed. See how I do it to get a superior, exquisite job? I came down with a bad back and pled to have Howard to do it for me until I'm all better. He can do in a day what it would take me a month to do. Under my expert supervision, of course.



For you Puddle Duck guys, Stan's 40lb foam PDR really is the new standard for the class. I'll send details some day.

Another C/K no show. Pat thinks taking a dream sailing trip to the Keys justifies missing being with us. I think it's really because he still sails one of these "toy" melonseeds (sorry, Holly).



Phil, another airplane builder, is playing with this little canoe and is as crazy as me when it comes to sanding. It's so much fun watching the finish come out from under the rough wood.

And to relieve your worries, we've all agreed not to build an airplane out of wood. The "eight hours from bottle to throttle" before flying has us stumped. I ain't going up in something built by these guys without a lot of "bottle."

Notice all of the junk that has accumulated in even this little boat. We'll be invading Phil's ranch to use his shoreline to play in the upper Manatee River. He has a big covered playroom on the shore for us to use.



One of the guys who enjoys a cool one at happy hour is a plant man and loves bamboo, all kinds of bamboo. I took Phil over to see Pat's place and loved the expression on his face when he saw two acres of this. He was expecting the usual kind of thing we all expect when someone invites us over to see their stuff, not world class things (refer back to Robert's harpsichord site for another example).



The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Director By Eric Stockinger

For those of you who have visited The Apprenticeshop, one thing noticeable is that the campus is hidden in plain sight. While we are located on US Route 1, the busiest road in Maine, most of our facilities are below road level, hidden by trees, down the bank to the shore. A lot of locals don't even know that we have an 800' pier or that the shop building they see from the road is actually just the top floor of a three story, 11,000sf boat shop.

Electives at The Apprenticeshop

While building traditional plank-on frame wooden boats is the focus of The Apprenticeshop program, when the opportunity presents itself, we like working on projects related to boat building. We have done a number of these in the past few years.

Last year we worked with designer Mark Fitzgerald to create the AS 17 work skiff. Then, over the winter, our instructors teamed up with a local volunteer, Alan Athearn, to teach an impromptu class on diesel engines. Rockport Marine provided a few non-working models and, with Alan's help, interested apprentices and instructors spent their evenings getting one of the engines back up and running.

This spring, as part of our 40th anniversary celebration, we built a boat jointly with Maine Maritime Museum. This boat, the Perkins Island lighthouse tender, was designed to have a small sail rig, so we tried our hand at sailmaking. With help from renowned traditional sailmaker, Nat Wilson, we designed and laid out a small lugsail.

Another small, but very enjoyable, project arose as we thought about how we would use the AS17 skiff moving boats and floats around our waterfront. We realized that it should be protected with fenders. I have a soft spot for marlinspike work and suggested that we build the fenders ourselves and cover them with rope. We found we had to dig a little to find instructions on building a traditional rope-covered bow fender, but we found what we needed in our maritime library.

Bow fenders have been used by boatmen all over the world for centuries and the construction is actually quite simple. Our fender started with a core of chain, which will be used to hold the fender onto the boat. The chain was stretched between two points and lengths of old rope (or garden hose in our case) were lashed onto the chain to form the core. A natural rope core would probably rot away before the covering, plus the hose gives us more impact resistance. Next, the core was covered with old canvas (a more common practice nowadays is to use packing tape, which we did).

The entire fender was then covered with manila rope in a process called half hitching. As the name implies, it was a series of simple half hitches worked around an object. The great thing about half hitching is that it conforms well to odd shapes, like our bow fender. The tough part about half hitching is that it requires a lot of rope. Our 6' fender with an 8" center diameter will take over 500' of 1/2" rope to cover it.



To finish off the fender and protect the front of it a large Turk's head knot was tied around the center. This is more practical than decorative. The middle of the fender will see the most use and chafe. The Turk's head can be easily replaced when it wears out, saving the half hitching. Because we are using a natural fiber rope, not a synthetic, the fender will have a shorter life span but having to recover the fender in three or four years might not be such a bad thing..

To learn more about The Apprenticeshop's activities visit our website www.apprenticeshop.org or check us out on Facebook at "TheApprenticeshop."

Tool Sharpening Simplified

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Arguably, the single most important element, next to experience, in successful woodworking is sharp tools. Dull tools not only do a poor job, they are dangerous because with them one tends to use force to overcome dull edges and that translates into lack of control.

Do the preliminary sharpening of planer blades and chisels with a bench top 1" belt sander. With the blade held vertically, start by grinding a primary bevel of approximately 25°, being careful to not burn the edge as this draws the temper of the steel. Grinding to just short of the edge, stop often to let the blade cool, then go to a medium fine Arkansas stone lubricated with honing oil for the final bevel.

First, true the backside of the blade by honing it dead flat on the stone. This removes any burrs or imperfections. Then turn the blade over and establish the correct secondary bevel by slowly rocking the bevel on the stone until you feel the whole bevel contact the stone.

Now raise the blade slightly and move the blade forward and backward over the stone with the sharp edge slightly digging into the stone as if trying to shave off a very fine piece. Be careful to hold this angle steady to avoid a rounded bevel. There is no need to hone the secondary bevel past the point where you have created a 1/32" wide flat on the leading edge of the blade.

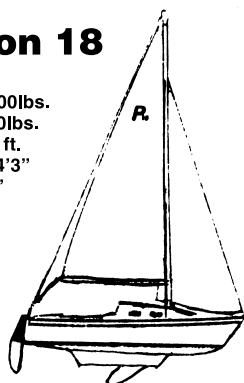
Some people use progressively finer stones and work for a polished, perfect edge, but for boat shop work where I've usually got up a pretty good head of steam on some assembly, I rarely want to take the time, so I use the method above, but do it a little more often. I test the sharpness of my blades by seeing if they will shave the hair of my lower arm, but hold this test to a minimum to avoid looking like a patchwork clear cut. You can also test for sharpness by seeing if your blade will shave little curls off your thumbnail.

A sharp cutting tool is a marvel to use. It takes much of the sweat out of this kind of work and produces a far better result than that gotten with a dull tool. But remember, you are handling an instrument capable of doing great harm if you lose concentration.

I once witnessed such an accident at a boatyard where I was working. While truing up a calking seam in a laid teak deck, a fellow worker became distracted and ran a razor-sharp 1/2" chisel through his hand front to back. Fortunately no vital organs were skewered, but this incident served to remind us all to stay focused and that blood is a very persistent wood stain.

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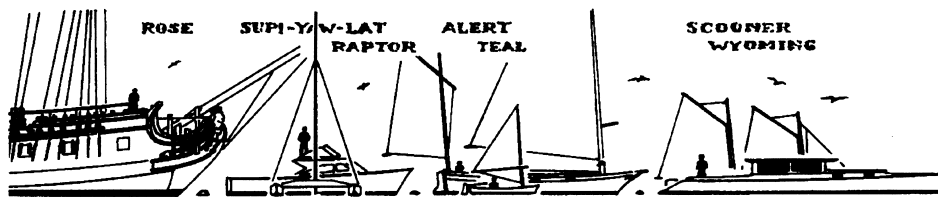


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Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design #633 "Windermere" was first published in the pages of *MAIB* in Vol 19, No 16 (January 1, 2002) on p.28. She measures 31'x8'3"x10"-12" (7,000-8,000lbs displacement) x1x50 + 9.9 kicker. Plans have been sold, we know of one modified hull built and launched recently and we're awaiting more news and pictures, of course.

Looking at her short afterdeck she had always been an obvious candidate for adding length to her stern. Here is one flavor of an in-house effort fermenting across the years, recently brought to this level of line art upon an inquiry by a couple looking for an inland/coastal retirement power cruiser. She'll work as a cruiser and as fulltime live-aboard.

This is one of the first such studies without Phil's input and thus his always enviably steady hand drawing so many such images across over 57 years of professional output and publishing his design thoughts. He'd agree with this concept. But his art would be cleaner.

Here are a few up front basics: The layout shown is only one of a range of options on that hull. We may see more later.

The original roof arrangements including the flip-over davits and their electric winch retraction assist remain unaltered; shown are a 14' Junebug (#400) sailing skiff and a 6'6"x3'3" Tortoise (#363) punt.

In order to retain as much of the original plans as possible, the 7'6" extra length was added to #633's bob-tailed stern, initially drawn in part with that option in mind.

Depending on her propulsion she could grow a few inches more such if an inboard-diesel cum sail drive plus rudder propulsion system were chosen. Beyond more overall length yet, sternwheeler drive would require a different belly shape aft.

The 8'3" beam remains the same although, with the vast majority of states allowing 8'6" for road hauling, beefing up her rub rail base by another 1.5" per side would be doable for a full 8' hard hull width plus 2"x3" rub rails.

In regards to her draft, the study shows a waterline some 4" deeper than #633 to allow for the accumulation of de facto live-aboard bits and pieces adding up to a hard(ish) 22" over her centerline skeg. Less draft via twin shallower skegs as in the 31' type remains an option. A sail drive geometry would likely add a pinch towards 24" of draft.

In light of this concept's displacement-speed focus, a shallow keel is conceivable by running a skeg forward on that depth just past amidships and then up to meet her bow bottom. This would allow doing without the near centerline centerboard-assembly under the dinette and still retain reasonably predictable tracking in crosswinds through narrow waters. Settling on hard sand she'd lean a bit at low tide, in mud, next to none assuming the rare flat surface to ground out on to begin with.

For yet another time out away from the SACPAS-3 narrative, here is

"Windermere-38"

38'6"x8'3"x22" x2x25hp
 Concept Study

Our 48' *Resolution* on 32" of draft grounded out in several mud berths with the tides well over 11,000 times. And with Phil living and working aboard fulltime between 1986 and 1999, me with him 1994-99, she did indeed lean some and thus indicated the tidal cycle, none with harm to life and work those 13 years.

Beyond the approximately 140gal single fuel tank, no other volumes nor weights have been assessed seriously at this point. Between added draft and length her overall possible displacement could likely touch 11,000lbs (vs #633's 7,000lbs). Structurally she may gain 1,500lbs with this stretch. #633 had a comparable propulsion weight with her 50hp plus 9.9hp units.

Two 25hp large prop four-stroke outboards are shown, putting more propeller blade area in the water than a single 50hp would for likely better efficiency. In canal duty, retracting one and running on just the other engine will suffice for smoothing along at best fuel efficiency. Twin large-prop 50s should fit.

A low-hp stern drive set-up would do. And as touched on earlier, a 45hp diesel driving a 17" prop sail drive (plus rudder) would allow turning large alternators to power a/c, windlass, boat-hoist, feed large house battery banks for extended silence on anchor hidden in an oxbow, a bayou or tidal backwater.

Appearance: Due to particular trailering length considerations #633 had been designed with a de facto bob tailed appearance, maximizing interior length at the expense of a more pleasing appearance. For the given length the 31' Windermere emphasizes interior habitability and relative airiness with larger windows and roof hatches over larger outside areas such as cockpits or foredecks.

It offers a modest bow cockpit to allow safe ground tackle handling, perhaps a good fishing spot and at least a modest seat or two. And its limited after deck mostly serves for dock-to-cabin passage and as a cover for the outboard(s) below. Socializing is proposed to mostly happen inside, with or without screened windows and hatches open.

In this concept study adding 7'6" length obviously loosens things up a bit visually. And one of the first things about going longer is adding to her bow and her stern heights, both visually and functionally, since in given waves a longer hull benefits from higher ends.

On our minds, always an option but never pursued, adding a more defined stem face and a sturdy and least chafe prone ground tackle bit as its top adds to function, underscores her overall upright theme and seems to add character. Not done here yet is slightly altering and moving the davit forward by 6"-8" to open up better access to the chain box behind it and under the seat box.

Aft, the modest gesture of a transom corner slope attempts to take a bit away from the box her stern would unavoidably show the world. If she had the inboard power option, a closed transom could be curved gently from corner slope to corner slope with the traditional layout of name and homeport added.

In this case here, however, but not represented in any section yet, the transom cutout to accommodate the twin outboard installation shown in plan view would distract the eye plenty from flat ply surfaces. Ergo, no curvature is attempted in any view.

Instead, similar to the #650 Topaz geometry, a grill of verticals covering that opening from say 6" above the waterline up to the knuckle below the rub rail level would allow plenty of ventilation and still could keep sticky fingers from finagling the props.

In light of the cockpit sole height necessary to cover both 2x25hp units or 1x(2x)50hp unit, the outboard version's stern height is greatest, with the sole some 5" above the rub rail. Following various working craft traditions, name and homeport could be positioned across her stern above and/or below that rub rail.

That aft cockpit railing should receive better aesthetic treatment than shown here with the stake truck look alike, wooden options next to metal options without any, or with, solid ply panels or canvas sections to obscure view and wind.

In terms of overall color choices if not texture options, on top of this 7'6" longer hull and between its longer bow and aft cockpit areas, detailing the house will indeed be central to defining her profile. Whether using the vertical staving texture or just plain surfaces with framed and perhaps shutter equipped windows, plus some painted ornamentation perhaps, careful color coordination will be decisive.

The windows certainly play a major role in her aesthetics as looking through the craft is as visually intriguing as any surface treatment, thus suggesting that interior colors and texture may be worthwhile integrating into outside treatments, starting with choosing curtains or blinds.

Not shown here yet are stern platforms and/or ladders, nor ladder to them, and a low foot railing around her roof expanse.

Her layout: There are clearly many shared attributes with #633, next to distinct differences on her greater length.

Bow cockpit and house face: Starting forward the bow cockpit gains some 15" in length. This allows two seats along with the ground tackle handling area standing well protected in the boat. We'd remove the forward seat to handle anchor and rode.

Not thought of in #633, now there is to port a bow side door for easier access to floats if a gap between boats allows sticking her nose in to discharge or pick up folks across a 2'6" wide gap at 90° and much less at her coming in and held at a 45° port angle stepping across from the triangular door-mounted hinged stepping platform.

Whether for just routine tying up, the quick people transfer scenario or during beaching sessions, that side door would become indispensable. It might even become a favored way of having guests arrive with their dinghies.

This bow cockpit does, however, require larger freeing ports on both sides should a freak wave or steep wind against tide standing waves in an inlet become scary, with a sudden dip into green water over that now 4'8" high bow. One way hinged port flaps should typically keep feet dry with that sole at 10" above full load waterline.

The house face consists of the bulkhead ahead of the helm to starboard and a sturdy inwards opening door to port; an outward opening door seems problematic in light of the already limited cockpit space.

That door could be built as a Dutch door for ventilation with no risk of green water intrusions. This might indeed suffice for ventilation at anchor or underway. An additional option would be to allow the helm's forward glass panel to drop into a pocket for a breeze in the face helming experience.

That level of ventilation might suggest just having one window each side open in her forward and aft cabin respectively. A sizable rainproof vent in her Dutch door and a matching exhaust in her aft companionway door should suffice to keep her well ventilated when she's locked for extended periods of time without crew, either on a mooring or in a marina.

In fact, there may be no need to punch passive or active vents through her roof. Possibly twice the size shown, the forward roof hatch is an option for private sun behind closed curtains.

Helm: Bow cockpit length was gained by taking 15" away from the depth of the original helm station. The advent of affordable navigation systems with screen-based mapping suggested that option. Shown here is such a unit to the right of her compass, another option would be such a unit overhead in the shade.

For the cruising ambitions expressed, such a unit and the dinette table to spread out paper maps/charts or a large screen laptop seems adequate functionality within her given geometry.

Behind the 20" wheel 20"-21" of standing room are available with 6'3"-4" headroom available; more is doable if that level is lowered correspondingly.

Her engine controls are to starboard, with twin-engine gauge and alarm clusters likely best located overhead above the windshield frame. Radio could be to starboard under the roof over the fold down side window.

Forward cabin: Here she retains with a few alterations the dinette and the washroom footprints of #633. The dinette geometry is

widened forward to allow guests sleeping both directions on the up to 44" wide x 6'3" flattened dinette.

The dinette's forward bench is altered to allow flipping over 90° the inner seat to double as an optional helm seat, depending upon actual time at the helm there may be a preference for a modest stool instead or a little fold-down butt pad. On autopilot, sitting in the bow cockpit or at the dinette doing lookout duty might do as well.

There is obviously significant stowage volume just under the dinette itself, plus the volumes below the sole level.

Some of those below sole volumes will be used for fresh and grey water tankage. Some will be used for hard/permanent trimming ballast. And we'll have to account for significant variable trim ballast water volumes with her variable people weight unavoidably tending to accumulate towards her starboard side.

Technically, moving a battery tray transversely the way we did it longitudinally on our electric launch Lily (Design #627) is another option, subject to further examination of dramatics involved between that option and plumbing ballast-water.

The washroom gained the long solidly mounted sink, still allowing about a net 2' wide by 2'4" long standing room. One simple head option is the self-contained portable unit shown in a recess into her grey water holding tank.

To port, accommodating the door and then the heater takes up some 4' in length, likely up to a foot less by moving that heater further forward yet.

Abaft that the galley is 6'10" long at a width of up to 2'. Narrowing the counters and stove unit to 21" depth would provide a near 24" wide passage past the dinette. The galley layout should be self-explanatory.

After cabin/master stateroom: This cabin is accessed through the door offset from her centerline to offer most privacy with guests aboard.

To port, certain vertical and horizontal structural elements are necessary to brace that expanse, with limited room for flat book/magazine shelving plus above eye level hooks for clothes.

To starboard is a standard full/XL size mattress measuring 54" wide by 80" in length. Access to the mattress is from the portside and from aft. We may need to add to the length of the companionway hatch as shown to accommodate bringing the mattress aboard over her stern and allowing it a good airing out in the full sun on her afterdeck.

Ahead of the mattress is an 8" wide shelf at mattress level with hinged covers over mattress deep bins for personal stuff ready at hand such as glasses, dentures, gun, wallet.

Overhead, two levels offer about 10' of bookshelf length facing aft, which should thus keep the books where they belong with likely just an inch high lip. Storm braces would lock into the vertical sides of the shelving.

Underneath the mattress, along centerline in its own compartment, vented outside, is her single fuel tank of about 140gals, more is doable. In that location the trim will barely change between full and near empty. Vents and refueling would be either via roof or starboard just above the rub rail through the washroom.

Outside of the fuel tank compartment is a 5'3"x27"x27" compartment for bulky, not too heavy, items. Certain folding bikes might fit, an inflatable boat or just guest bedding.

Abaft both volumes there are two deep and wider drawers with a secret compartment below for safe-worthy items.

Against the house after wall are two full height clothes lockers to be divided up to suit needs, measuring about 21"-23" wide by 20" deep by 7'3" high. The companionway between them uses six steps at 7" rise to get up to the aft cockpit level. Proposed is an inwards opening door hinged on the starboard side.

The volumes below the sole throughout the after cabin range in depth from 11" to 7" and can be used in a broad range of ways for anything from wine storage to spare tool chest volumes.

Aft cockpit: Between the interest of accommodating her power plant within her own length and out of casual reach of the unauthorized and the obvious interest in an after deck for socializing, sun bathing, fishing, etc, that end of her has grown from 3' to 6'4" now allowing four seats, where previously at best two inwards facing folding chairs were possible.

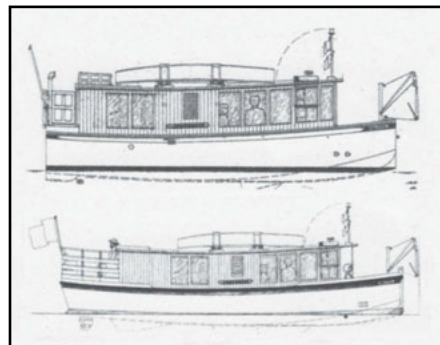
In fact, showing these seats and stowage boxes below is only one of several options. Four comfortable folding chairs and table would allow on occasion a wide open sole aft, with folded furniture stowed left and right of the outboard well below.

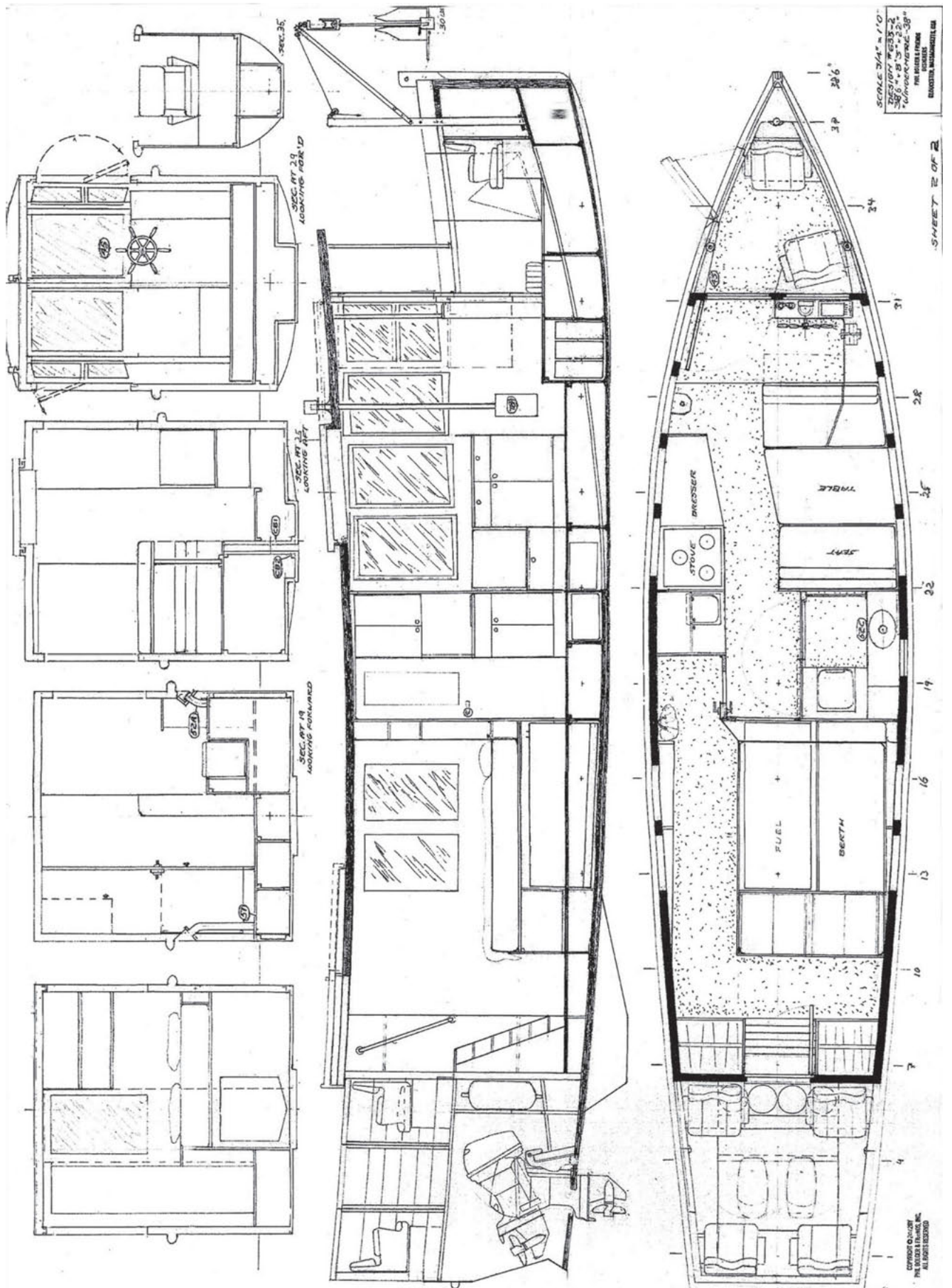
Not shown either is the option of using a nice 8'-9' market umbrella to cover the whole area on demand, assuming the foot can be solidly anchored on the hinged hood over the engines. Of course, if one wants shade, opening windows and the solid roof overhead suggests the dinette inside.

Aft view from the helm: The blinds or curtain over window in the master stateroom bulkhead would remain open to look aft from the helm and the far away glazed aft companionway.

Rear view mirrors left and right of the helm are an obvious addition and it seems imperative to invest in one of these CCTV setups, more and more familiar from cars or home security system, with such units becoming quite affordable, rugged and very useful when linked to an overhead mounted panel. Assisted by a wide-angle companionway camera, perhaps a single pan and zoom unit would do omni-directional duty if mounted on her mast. Then there is infrared/night vision...

At the time of this article's publication no completed plans are available yet, but may become so.





Hollywood gave us pink submarines, talking mules on boats and skippers with chained down palm trees; but no screen writer, no Pulitzer prize author, no Tony winning playwright could have dreamed up a comedy like the yacht *Margaret* and the Suicide Fleet. This mess up could only have been the creation of middle ranking desk commanders, career Navy Department bureaucrats and mindless Congressmen.

World War I broke out with technological horrors unimagined at the time. Submarine warfare caught America by surprise, especially the Navy Department that had rusticated since the Civil War. The creative commanders of credenzas in the hallowed halls of the Navy Department rushed into paroxysms of novel ideas to combat those hated German submarines that could ungently sink ships without warning.

While the destroyer became the vessel of choice, the US had too few of them to counter the underwater terrorists. Some brilliant nautical genius decided the Navy needed sub chasers. Since the budget or the building prohibited such a boat, these gurus of war decided to purchase old civilian yachts and convert them to be the cutting edge in anti-submarine warfare.

With a combination of great patriotic fervor tempered with greed, wealthy men of the East willingly sold their aged, decrepit yachts to the Navy. A corporate CEO willingly offered the *Margaret*, a 176', 250 ton boat with a tender beam of 21', to the Navy. Well past her prime and too narrow for the open sea, *Margaret* was appraised by the government at the munificent sum of \$94,000, but the Navy paid the owner \$104,000 for the top-heavy yacht noted for its wonderful wine compartment and dining room.

The quintessential gurus of naval architecture immediately chopped off the boat's mast and bowsprit. To the already rolling *Maggie*, as she was quickly dubbed, they added a charthouse, pilot house and winged bridge towering over the main deck. They also added 3" guns fore and aft and equipment for depth charges. With the amended weight distribution, the boat not only rolled badly but her stern sank significantly to the point that waves tended to wash over very leaky portholes. Needless to say, since the stern was constantly admitting water, that section became the enlisted men's quarters.

A recent Medal of Honor recipient, Frank Jack Fletcher, had wrangled himself onto the staff of uncle Admiral Frank Friday Fletcher at Vera Cruz. Now that the war had commenced he found himself at a deck in Mexico when his career possibilities were on ships in the Atlantic.

Fletcher had heard about these yacht-to-sub chaser ships and pulled every string he

Maggie in civilian form.



Messing Up Boats

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

could to obtain a command. His friends had suddenly turned from their backwater jobs to great assignments. Their envy of his Medal of Honor became his envy as buddies Chester Nimitz, Ray Spruance and Bill Halsey headed off to war. Fletcher finally received his wish, command of the *Margaret*.

His joy turned to disillusionment when he found *Margaret*. Her officers were all new to the Navy and had no sailing experience. A recent clothing salesman was quickly appointed gunnery officer, medical officer and supply officer. Fletcher immediately ordered a trial for his ship and her crew. He instantly grew to regret this decision as *Maggie* quickly lost power against the current, smashed the pier, fouled the anchor and tore out the anchor stanchion. The elderly boat could not generate enough power to counter a harbor current. At best, she could eke out a meager 6 knots but 4 knots was her usual speed.

Fletcher discovered that she was frightfully tender requiring an additional 35 tons of ballast according to his own calculations. Unfortunately, his ship had no space for 35 tons of ballast but Fletcher found nooks and crannies for 5 tons. Worse, he realized he could not steam out of the way of his own depth charges; therefore, he ordered that depth charges would not be fired.

At the subsequent commissioning ceremony Fletcher's spic-and-span crew watched as *Margaret's* flag proudly was raised, albeit upside down, the universal signal for needing assistance. Fletcher joined sister yachts in as bad condition as his own that the enlisted men immediately dubbed the Suicide Fleet.

Being prepared to fight the foe, Fletcher ordered gunnery drills, a second regret. The forward gun fired and subsequently blew out the forecabin locker door. The after gun was fired and it blew out the stern rail, flooded the enlisted men's quarters and sprang 19 leaks in the hull. Both guns were sprung from the deck.

The ship was so tender that 59 of 61 crewmembers were seasick. Fletcher ordered that his men not be allowed to sleep on deck for fear of losing them overboard so he sent them to their wet, leaky, cold quarters. When *Maggie's* condenser died and her steering gear sheared, Fletcher was forced to send his puking men to manually steer the boat through a series of ropes and pulleys.

If that weren't enough, *Maggie* ran out of coal halfway to the Bahamas. With no power, pumps, communications or lights,

Fletcher was forced to request a tow. In the process of setting up a towline while a bucket brigade hauled water from the interior, his starboard anchor abruptly dislodged and 105 fathoms of chain disappeared into the Atlantic.

Fletcher finally arrived in the Bahamas but his request for materials and supplies were blatantly rejected. No supply officer would hazard important equipment on the Suicide Fleet. His own supply officer was sent ashore with some trusted crewmen known for keeping secrets. Their orders were simply to find the necessary supplies on the list. Period. No questions asked. They did nicely.

The fleet of whacky boats was ordered to the Azores, if they could make it. Fletcher's request for food was also rejected. *Maggie* and her sisters were, to be blunt, expendable. Nevertheless, Fletcher's sheep wandered off to the Atlantic. At one point he received communications of a submarine sighting. Rushing off at a roaring 4 knots the fleet never found the submarine. With bald impunity the German submarine radioed in the clear and in English that he had spotted the *Maggie* but thought her unworthy of a torpedo or shells.

Fletcher and the Suicide Fleet reached the Azores in spite of untold issues. The Azores Department commander, A.W. Ostershans, reviewed the *Margaret* and reported the deck leaked, crew quarters were uninhabitable, the condenser was beyond repair, her steam drums could not attain but half the needed pressure, and her $\frac{5}{16}$ " drums were worn down to under $\frac{1}{16}$ ". His report stated, "...this ship was not meant for sailing out of sight of land or, I might say, out of Long Island Sound... To sum up in a few words, I consider the *Margaret* nothing but a piece of junk, and I cannot imagine a ship being bought for the government that is so worthless for the duty required."

Margaret survived as a storage facility in the Azores. She was junked for \$1,200. Frank Jack Fletcher received orders to relieve his friend, William Halsey, as commanding officer of the *USS Benham*, a destroyer in top shape. In World War II Fletcher commanded the Task Forces at Coral Sea and Midway. He was the senior Naval officer for the landings at Guadalcanal. Northern Japanese islands surrendered to him on his flagship *Panamint* as the government surrendered on the *USS Missouri* in Tokyo Harbor.

But *Maggie* lived on in the memories of her officers and crew. Her adventures enlivened many parties at Fletcher's home or sundry Officers' Clubs. One former ensign even wrote a book about *Maggie* and the Suicide Fleet. Hollywood missed a great comedy.

For further reading: Stephen D. Regan, *In Bitter Tempest, the Biography of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher* (1994).

USS Margaret ready for war.



Many people are of opinion that the Sailing Boat Association classification has produced in the rating class a boat which is much too large for the narrow waters of the Upper Thames, and that a smaller boat would give better sport at considerably less expense and, in addition, the smaller boat does not require such a large crew, who are frequently difficult to get hold of for a whole season's racing as in all the upriver racing the entire crew must be amateurs.

No doubt three amateurs of sorts usually can be found, although at times not a man of any sort is obtainable. It is of little use to ship a green crew for such closely contested races, and for this reason the Royal Canoe Club has always fostered the one-man boat, although they have for many years had a class in which the boats be sailed by either one or two men.

The Royal Canoe Club which, by the way, is the only small boat club on the Upper Thames having a royal warrant, was founded in 1866 by that well-known canoeist "Rob Roy" MacGregor. It has long been noted for the number of expert boat sailors among its members, and no doubt it is owing to the pitch of perfection to which the modern sailing canoe has been brought that so many men prefer it to any other form of boat.

For their size, there are probably no boats afloat which can compete for a moment with these little craft, either on the river or on the Solent, and even when pitted against much larger craft the little 17' canoe can usually hold her own until the sea gets too heavy for her light weight. On the Thames they are nearly as fast as the best of the half-raters, although of only 3/10 rating, and in a really heavy blow they have been known to race when the bigger raters were unable to face it.

On the Solent they have beaten a crack 18-footer in a dead beat to windward in a

A Class Canoes

By Linton Hope

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*

Journal of the

Historic Canoe & Kayak Association (UK)

(An extract from the first edition of *Yachting Monthly* issued in May, 1908, entitled "Boat Sailing on the Upper Thames." This is an edited version of the article in that text, drawings and photographs of boats other than canoes are not included).

whole sail breeze and simply lost her off the wind. On one occasion at Bembridge the canoes had a most successful race, including a dead beat in from the Warner light-ship to the harbour buoy, notwithstanding a sudden squall which caught them at the lee mark under whole sails, one canoe only giving up owing to faulty reef gear; while the Bembridge Redwings, of double the size and heavily ballasted boats as well, were some of them dismasted, some forced to run for Portsmouth and others to give up the race on account of the weather.

It would seem at first sight almost impossible to produce a boat which is equally good up river and at sea, but the whole secret lies in the fact that the boats are small and the crew of one man is heavy enough to give them ample stability in conjunction with a heavy and deep centre plate or lifting bulb keel.

Probably the fastest canoe ever constructed was the 19' *China*, which was built to defend the R.C.C. Challenge Cup against the American challenger, Mr H.D. Murphy, in 1902. She was only 3' beam and about 15'

water line, with 118sf sail area. She was fitted with a long traverse sliding seat on which her owner was able to lie out to windward until only his feet were on the gunwale of the canoe. She was, of course, merely a racing machine and no one but an expert could have sailed her. Her best speed with smooth water and a hard reaching wind was about 9 knots, but she was such a useless type for any ordinary sailing that the club have altered the rules to bar the sliding seat type.

However, she fulfilled her purpose by winning the challenge cup, in spite of the fact that Mr Murphy was one of the first American canoists and had two canoes designed by Crowningshield to choose from. His boats were completely outclassed, not only by *China* but also by the regular sailing canoes, which beat him in light winds and in any sea. The R.C.C. regulations for the two principal classes of sailing canoes are now as follows:

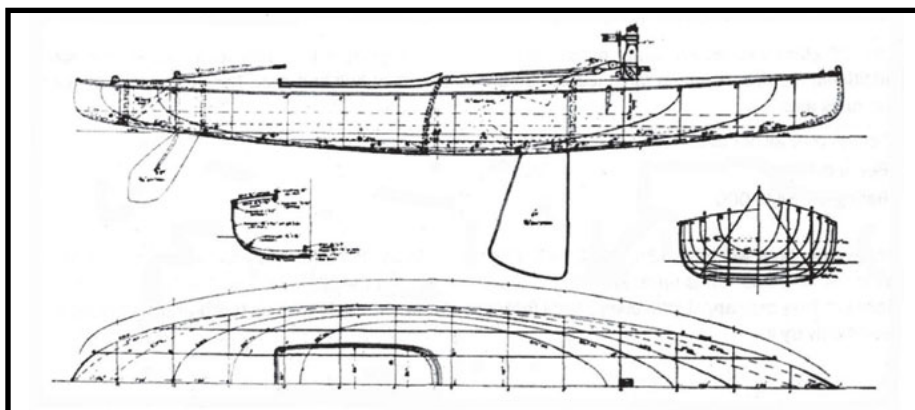
The rating shall not exceed 0.5 by the formula $L+SA/6,000$ except where the total weight without crew exceeds 6801bs; in this case any excess weight is multiplied by five and the sum so obtained added to the divisor 6,000 in the rating formula.

The accompanying drawing of *Vanessa VIII* shows the design and construction plans of one of these canoes. In this boat the planking is $\frac{3}{8}$ " cedar carvel, built with very close timbers of steamed American elm $\frac{3}{8}$ ", by $\frac{7}{16}$ ", spaced $2\frac{1}{2}$ " centre to centre. She has two deep keelsons on each side of the centre case extending fore and aft for a considerable distance with deep oak floor frames $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick at frequent intervals.

The stem and stern frames are light oak crooks and the keel is a flat plank of American elm. Extra longitudinal strength is obtained by deep bilge stringers and she has proved herself amply strong in spite of several pessimistic prophecies on the part of some of the old fashioned members who do not believe in anything but timber, and lots of it, whether it is in the right place or not.

The "B" class canoes are exact miniatures of the "A" class boat just described, except that several additional restrictions are in force regarding various details of hull and gear. The dimensions allowed by the rules are:

An average boat will have 13' LWL and 138sf SA. In this class there is no premium on weight, as in the "A" class, nor is there any minimum weight limit, but the planking must not be less than $\frac{1}{4}$ " finished. They are capital little boats and I feel sure many men would take up this branch of sailing if they would only try it.



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The following was written with Wayfarer sailors in mind, however, the principles described are applicable to the majority of sailing dinghies regardless of design.

At one time or another we all have come into a dock stopping just short of being able to get a line or hand upon it. It can be frustrating; and embarrassing to boot. At other times we've suffered the pain of coming in too hard, quickly running forward to see how bad the damage was.

Once out on Lake Erie in a good breeze and a 2' chop, I muffed a tack. Locked in irons, *Blue Mist* quickly came to a stop and began drifting backwards. Following a brief mental lapse, I remembered to reverse the rudder and back the jib. This got me sailing again. What I did is a common maneuver practically everyone has employed at one time or another.

The practice of backing sails goes back to ancient times. It was routine on large sailing ships. I recall reading (in *MAIB*, I think) that square-riggers typically backed some foresail, even backing the ship, when coming about. So backing sails certainly isn't a new idea. However, I'm happy that Uncle Al (renowned Canadian Wayfarer) put me onto it. Once I started experimenting with the concept I was hooked.

Most everyone agrees that it is crucial to keep up boat speed in order to maintain good maneuverability. Obviously, this applies to close quarter situations as well as on open waters. So for safety and comfort, it would be nice to have some kind of "boat brakes". Knowing how to back sails to break boat speed, or move in reverse, is a worthwhile skill to have in your repertory. Following are a few examples of how backing sails has helped me improve my skills.

Backing Sails

By Dick Harrington
Wayfarer Association Cruising Secretary

Making a neat landing: Imagine a situation where I want to land in a small space on a dock (see diagram). The breeze may be strong, or shifty enough, that going directly in alongside might be chancy. A puff could catch me from behind. The obstruction might be anything from another boat to something hard and damaging. Around the boat launches here in my locality this condition wouldn't be uncommon.

Sometimes in a situation such as this I will decide to attack the dock at an angle allowing the opportunity to luff up if necessary, or possibly land on the end. If I come in too slowly I'll likely fall short; and if the area is congested with other boats this could cause problems. So my approach might be to keep up boat speed as much as I dare until the very last moment, and then apply the brakes by backing the main. I practice braking this way as frequently as possible and have found that it usually works very well. Lots of practice is the key!

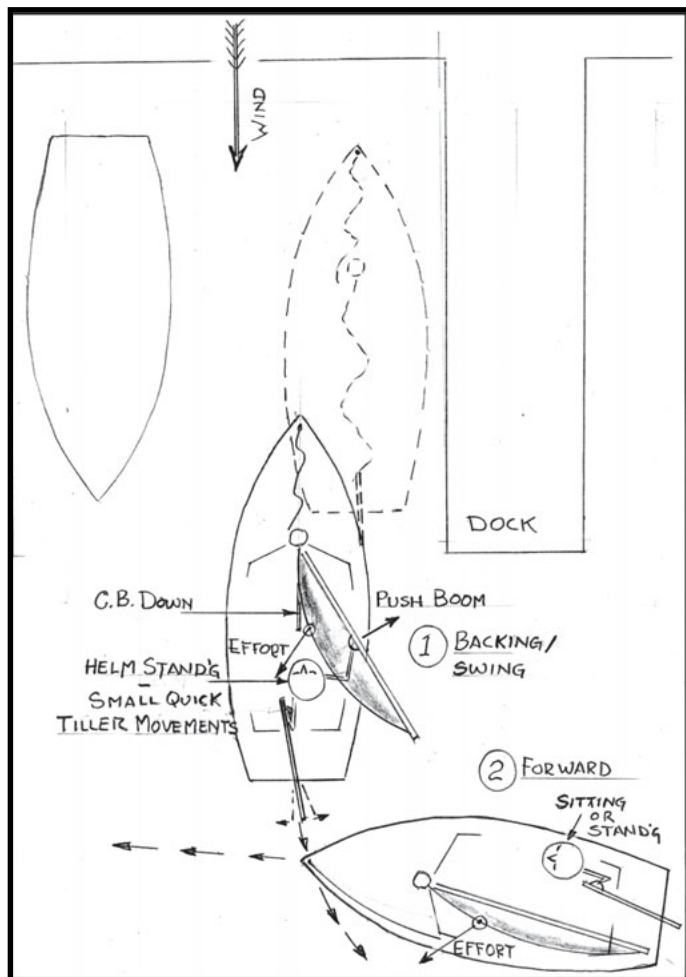
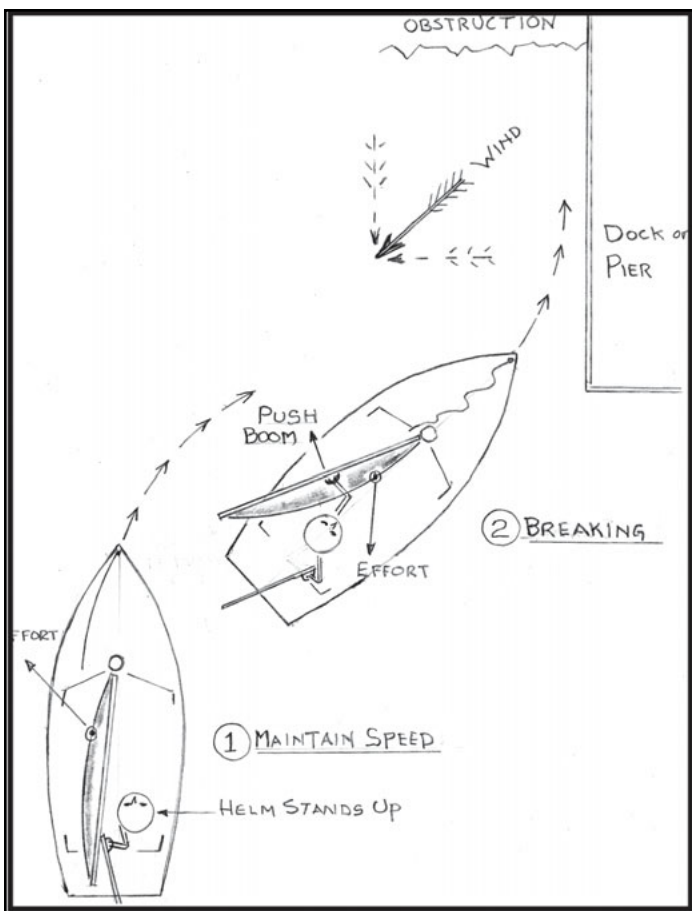
The Wayfarer, being a relatively lightweight boat stops quicker than one might think. It is only when the wind is swirling and can come from behind that things may go wrong. Coming in at an angle and standing off a bit to get a read on the wind helps to avoid such surprises. There have been a few occasions where I've been forced to abort, go about and make a second attempt, which means I must hold onto some boat speed.

This braking maneuver requires good vision and quick reflexes. Even though I'm old and have stiff knees, I always stand up when executing this kind of a move. While I'm backing the main, the boom is always pushed out to the leeward side. It took me a little while to get the hang of this. At first it seemed wrong. But if I try to go the other way the sail is actually being pulled in and will continue to drive the boat forward. Everyone should give this a try. Pick a safe location and get a feel for how your boat responds.

Backing out of a slip is the cool way, I think, learning to sail backwards is probably easier than learning braking. When starting from a stand-still, head-to-wind, you are in complete control. The speed at which you move in reverse can be controlled by how much you back the sails. By simply releasing the boom and letting the sails luff the boat slows down.

Again, I suggest standing up and facing forward. The centerboard should be fully down because it is needed as a pivot point. Because the rudder is now in the front, small tiller movements create large changes in direction. In this orientation the rudder is much too big. So steering is the hardest thing to get a handle on. Back slowly at first, making small quick tiller movements. Going too fast makes it impossible to keep steering under control. First try this on open water, backing in short spurts to get the feel of it. Sailing backwards is actually easy.

Backing away from a dock or slip is a good example of this maneuver (see diagram). You can forget about that request, "Just give us a shove!" which sometimes fails if the shove is too weak or steerage is



lost before the turn can be completed. Backing the main allows sailing out of a slip and with enough speed to swing broadside to the wind, thus maintaining control.

In 2009 Jane and I attended the week-long Wayfarer North American Rally at Wellesley Island on the St. Lawrence River. The wind was frequently such that I was able to back *Blue Mist* out of the small constricted slip at the satellite docking facility. While others were paddling or using motors, we were sailing.

Then one day the whole fleet sailed to the town of Clayton for lunch and sightseeing. It was breezy. Unknowingly, we would get the opportunity to put backing to the ultimate test. Having slipped from the front of the pack to the back, when Jane and I arrived at the waterfront it was packed, there were no open spaces. The only spot was at the far end of a narrow congested channel between two closely spaced docks. No one wanted to venture there! Though it was tight quarters, fortunately it was upwind. I figured if necessary I could back sails to kill our momentum.

The real test came upon leaving. With the wind still strong, I chose to raise all sail and back down, rather than sail out under jib lone. So we backed *Blue Mist* all the way down between the narrow docks and a several score of moored boats. Once free, *Blue Mist* was swung broadside to the wind and merrily sailed off. It was smooth as silk!

Making a beach landing: This past summer I had the occasion to make a landing on a beach under an onshore breeze. The surf was fairly light. Most sailors would luff up, drop the sails, and then paddle in. However, I was picking up a friend (a Hobie Cat sailor) and planning to head right back out. Not being averse to showing off, I decided to keep the sails on. Pulling the centerboard partway up I sailed straight in as close as I dared, then sharply rounded up into the wind. At that point, by backing the main I was able to sail straight back until I could go over the side. Of course, I am always aware that backing down onto any kind of beach can be dangerous to the rudder and centerboard. But I'm forever delighted every time my friend remarks about how clever that maneuver was.

It takes practice. It would be wrong to leave the impression that performing tricks such as these hasn't at times given me heartburn. Initially it took more than a little guts. Like many, I've learned by making mistakes. But the more you practice tight maneuvers such as these the better helmsman you'll become. Although onlookers may not voice admiration (sailors are a proud bunch!), be assured they will take notice.

The NorseBoat 21.5



NorseBoat Sailing & Rowing Cruisers of Canada's Prince Edward Island has partnered with York Marine of Rockland, Maine, to subcontract the build of their new NorseBoat 21.5 sailing craft. The first NorseBoat 21.5 made in Maine was delivered to The Abacos, Bahamas, in February, 2012. NorseBoat owner Kevin Jeffrey travelled to Man-o-War Cay to perform sea trials with the new owner. The 21.5 lived up to expectations with its well balanced, easily handled rig.

Notwithstanding the custom Bahamian colour scheme of this initial boat, the NorseBoat 21.5 combines classic downeast lines, NorseBoat Swiss army knife features and truly exhilarating performance with its easily driven lapstrake hull. The rig is a versatile, easy-to-handle cutter rig with pivoting carbon mast, fully battened mainsail, furling jib and optional furling outer headsail. Its carbon mast can be raised or lowered by one person.

A ballasted foil-shaped stub keel and modest size pivoting centerboard provide good stability and shallow draft. The NorseBoat 21.5 is relatively lightweight and easily trailerable with a modest size vehicle. The spacious cockpit seats eight and has five large storage lockers. A bimini provides sun protection at the helm. The cabin provides sheltered sleeping in a full size V-berth with storage under.

York Marine recently completed the tooling for making the one-piece deck/cabin/cockpit part in fiberglass. They are now set up for production and working on new orders.

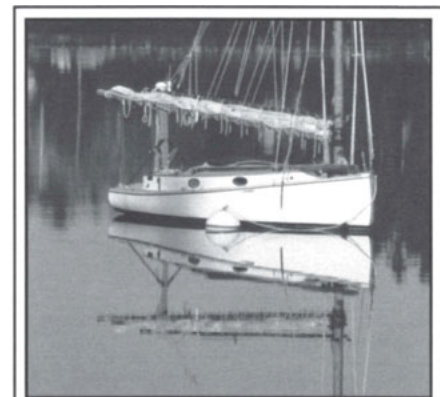


Designer Mark Fitzgerald of Fitzgerald Marine Architecture is working closely on the project. He offers semi-custom design services for customers who want to personalize their NorseBoat 21.5 sail plan or other aspects of the design.

The NorseBoat 21.5 can be seen at York Marine in Rockland, ME and at coming boat shows in North America.

NorseBoat 21.5 Specifications

LOA (on deck): 21'10" (6.35m)
LWL: 19'7" (5.97m)
Beam: 7'1" (2.16m)
Draft (board up): 1'6" (0.46m)
Draft (board down): 3'10" (1.17m)
Mainsail area: 152sf (14.12sm)
Jib area: 54sf (5.02sm)
Optional Genoa area: 120sf (11.15sm)
Lightship displacement: 1,500lbs (680kg)
Capacity: 8 persons
Standard Propulsion: 4hp outboard



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Thickened epoxy was used for glueup. All four members had to glue up in one shot due to configuration.

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Dovetailed Coamings for the Schooner *Ardelle*

By Captain Gnat

When Harold Burnham was building the pinky schooner *Ardelle* he needed coamings built for the engine room and lazarette. He wanted about 1" to 1-1/2" tumblehome athwartships and the fore and aft faces plumb. The corners had to be dovetailed in the characteristic Essex fashion. No sapwood should go into the job. He had sawn and seasoned a bunch of local white pine. The stuff for sills was 4"x6" and the stuff for the sides was 3"x17" rough dimensions.

The coamings on all Essex-built vessels were joined at the corners with dovetails that pitched in two directions, hence always drained out. The *Evelina M. Goulart* lays at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. She's one of six remaining from over 4,000 built in Essex and the only one with original coamings. These are white pine 2-1/2" thick. The most intact dovetail measures 5-3/4" inside to 4-1/4" outside. The corners are rounded to plank thickness. The planks are stacked up and joined to carlins and deckbeams with iron or steel rods. Rods also ran straight down through the corners. After assembly, beads of 3/8" overall dimension (including grooves) were planed about 4" o.c. and ran right around the corners. This bead had no relation to plank edges. The whole was strong and workmanlike and the rounded dovetailed corners were handsome yet the beading looked disproportionately small. Also the rounded dovetails were prone to rot and the rods encouraged it.

I measured *Ardelle's* deck openings and took the angles for the plumb faces. The engine room was about 6° and the lazarette was about 10°. Then the stock was loaded and taken down to the shop.

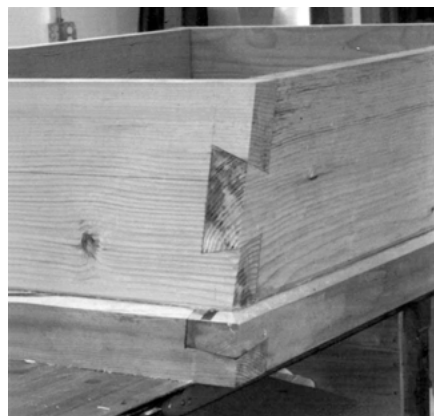
The only geometry that interested me in high school was the geometry of the young ladies in class. Colonel Flood was my high school geometry teacher. He was old, very slow and deliberate. It was claimed that he could sleep while lecturing. These reports may have resulted from exaggeration or fabrication, I can't say because I slept through most of his classes. This rest laid the foundation for subsequent scholarship and was good preparation for a vigorous life in the trades.

Ardelle's sills were joined at the corners with the typical joint and the tops were grooved to accept hardwood splines. All joints were epoxied. To minimize joints and maximize strength a single large dovetail was cut in about the middle of the fore and aft members. The bottom was grooved for the spline and top and bottom were beveled properly. The dovetails splayed about 15°, which roughly corresponded to those on the *Goulart*. Cutting the joints was simple and fast. The side planks were ripped in half then beveled and grooved for splines. Tumblehome was 6° degrees, the fore and aft angle of the engine room was 6°, the lazarette was 10° fore and aft and the dovetails splayed 15° in both directions. Laying out the joints was a pain in the ass. But remember Colonel Flood and consider how Aristotle demonstrated that even a common slave had an innate grasp of geometry.

The photos show how clean and simple it really is.



10° parallel.



Completed coaming.



Detail showing splines, etc.

Corner detail complete.



You see, it's like this. *Lady Bug* and I have been shipmates for five or six years now. I really don't keep track of time all that well, that's why the "five or six" estimate. Sure, like every self-preserving married male, I have my anniversary and Kate's birthday tattooed on the inside of my right eyelid. Everything else, I sort of wing it.

And that's what happened to *Lady Bug*. She's had more surgery than Joan Rivers. I'm always changing stuff. It's not her fault. But that little boat was born under long and over heavy. Actually, she's built like a floating bank vault. The scantlings of a 30-footer, all stuffed into a 16' body. Really. Nothing flexes. The original rig was just a hair under 1/4" on the shrouds and stays. Yes, spreaders and lowers and back stay and a regular tree stump of a mast section. Hell for stout. But, under rigged and rather timid as a sailboat.

Anyhow, we've been mates for quite a while now. I hope to keep it that way. Some folks decide what they want in a boat, or spouse, or friend for that matter, and then they go out and try to find what they think they want. Me? I'm from that "love the one you're with" camp. Except, with boats, it's more of a "love her and change just about every damn thing" arrangement. Maybe you know somebody like that?

So here we are, at the beginning of our fifth, or sixth, season and I have a new motto. I prefer to grow old WITH this boat rather than BECAUSE OF this boat. Seems reasonable.

Just about all the time I have to figure on launching, recovering and rigging by myself. It's not that I'm anti social, but a long time ago I came to the conclusion that if I can't take my boat out by myself, I'm not going to be going very often. As a result of a Fibber Magee's Closet full of modifications and "improvements," such as a beach cat rig (adding 5' to the mast length) and the need for a deeper rudder and waaaaaaay longer tiller (now up to 6' long). I have ended up with a lot of new strings to pull.

All those strings took lots of holes and thru-bolts and such to hold the fairleads and cleats and winches and all that. I had lines and cleats crossing and rubbing and generally metastasizing all over the cabin top and cockpit. So this winter, when it was finally time to paint hull and deck, I took everything off and filled all the holes. I even "replaced" the cabin top with a new "blank slate." Time to start fresh and, hopefully, lose a lot of the clutter and leftover inventions.

The most important part of my new motto is in response to the number of times I have (in the past) had to walk out on the narrow foredeck to rig the mast raising apparatus. Most of the time this is while the boat sits on her trailer. The bow pulpit is a shade over 7' from the pavement and that's a lot farther than I want to fall, especially backwards and head first, if you know what I mean.

After a series of gin poles and multi-block falls and mast foot bearings and such tomfoolery, I finally settled on a couple of ineluctable truth(s). A gin pole can only stand on its own if it has a schlock of strings, basically a mini mast, or if it has two legs. A mast with offset shrouds (to eliminate the back stay that intrudes on a roachy main and wraps around the skipper's neck during the mast raising ceremony) needs an auxiliary set of shrouds to keep it from doing an athwartships swoon at the most embarrassing and incon-

Simplifying Adding Lightness Again

By Dan Rogers

venient times. And, as a direct result, all the poles and wires in this ménage MUST ORIGINATE FROM A COMMON AXIS.

There. I've said it and I'm glad. It's time the truth came out. Y'all with trailerable sailboats are not congenital oafs. The fact that it takes the whole village to raise one extruded aluminum tube with a few wires hanging from it has nothing to do with ineptitude. Nope. It has everything to do with discontinuous axes. Now that you've finally heard this revelation, from the Gospel According to Dan, go forth and get your axes straight. And, if this is all kinda obscure, you're welcome to look at the pictures.

So, to make an extremely convoluted evolution less mobius, I have settled on a wishbone arrangement that will (hopefully) stow on the deck and stay ready for action. Of course, if it's too much of a trip hazard, or to clear the foc'sl for parade, the wishbone is pretty easy to remove. More complex to stow than the previous single pole contraptions, this particular wishbone is still on probation.

I was fortunate to be in a thrift store that specializes in things like household windows and junk furnaces one day. They had scads and scads of windsurfer booms in a pile. When I asked about them, the nice lady behind the counter said something like, "You want those poles? Take 'em." And now I have a whole collection of spares. No windsurfer but, lots and lots of wishbone booms. So there's room for adding and subtracting length. Simplifying.

Anyhow, now it's possible to raise the mast and secure almost everything from the companionway. Pretty cool. The lifting lanyard becomes the inner forestay. The headstay tensions the entire rig with a multi-part purchase. And yes, there's a catwalk on the trailer that I can stand on and tension both of these from, without the need to go out on that narrow and slopey and high-off-the-pavement foredeck. Or, when raising or lowering in the water, I can, of course, go out there on the pointy end and square things away.

That fact that it took half a decade of tinkering to get to this point tells me that I'm either pretty slow or that the problem is one that simply needs a lot of messing around with. Anyhow, I figure anything that rides around on a trailer between puddles and uses stick and string for main battery can be handled by one guy.

But you gotta' get your axes straight!



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AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

SECOND EDITION

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XXXI

MANŒUVRING

When anchoring it is essential to have some way on the ship so that the cable does not fall in a heap on top of the anchor and foul it; it is also necessary to avoid swinging over the anchor after bringing up. Nearly always when any anchor drags it is foul, provided enough cable has been let out.

Brief rules for letting go: when no tide, luff head to wind, lower headsails, wait till the yacht gathers sternway and then let go. It is a good plan to let go the peak halyards before letting go, otherwise the mainsail may fill and the ship sail up to her anchor. If, owing to confined space, you cannot wait for the yacht to gather sternway let go before she stops and give her a hard sheer; try to avoid dropping astern over the anchor.

When beating against tide proceed as above.

When beating with the tide, luff head to wind, down sails, and let go before losing way. Snub the cable gradually and let the yacht swing to the tide; obviously you must be smart getting down the sails, and be careful not to part the cable.

When running against the tide, lower the mainsail and approach the anchorage under headsails. Lower the headsails just before reaching the anchorage, and let go when the yacht starts dropping back with the tide; it may be necessary to give her a sheer; this will cause her to lose her way and to present her broadside to the tide so that she will be swept back with it.

When running with the tide approach the anchorage under a headsail; lower the headsail some distance before the anchorage is reached; let go, snub gently and let the yacht swing to the tide.

These manœuvres are described more fully in Cooke's *Seamanship for Yachtsmen*. Sometimes you have not room to carry them out and must anchor as you go and hope for the best.

A yacht at single anchor in a tide-way cannot be regarded as secure. Sooner or later she will swing over her anchor and foul it. Then, when it blows, she will drag; she really will. The best plan is to moor with the kedge; the two anchors should be in line with the tide, preferably with bower anchor upstream since the ebb is usually stronger

than the flood. Secure the kedge hawser to the chain with a rolling hitch or a really good racking seizing and veer cable till the join is nearly on the bottom. If you have used a seizing you must keep the end of the kedge hawser aboard, but make it fast quite slack. If you do not join the cables like this the kedge hawser will chafe somewhere, besides getting awkwardly twisted round the chain.

If you do not moor, lash the tiller so as to give the ship a sheer to windward when the wind is before the beam, or to leeward when the wind is abaft the beam.

The usual amount of chain to let out is 3 to 4 times the depth of high water in fine weather, but more if it blows.

When anchoring in an open anchorage have everything ready for weighing before turning in. Do put a reef in the mainsail in spite of what the weather report says. We, ourselves, have got into a serious mess through neglecting this precaution only a few hours after listening to a forecast of light winds. Make a note of what light will be visible and on what bearings the ship will be safe. It will not as a rule be necessary to keep an anchor watch, but be ready to turn out at a moment's notice if wakened up by a rising wind.

A yacht will never part her chain from a steady strain, provided, of course, that it is of correct size and in reasonable condition, but if, owing to a rising sea, she starts to snub, she probably will part. Secure a pig of ballast or other heavy weight to the chain and veer cable; but in a reasonably well-protected harbour the full scope of chain will generally be heavy enough to prevent snubbing.

A special large shackle is supplied by yacht chandlers, which can be lowered down the cable with a weight attached. A rope spring on the cable might also be fitted to minimize snubbing.

If you have to anchor on a rocky bottom, clove-hitch the hawser to the crown of the kedge and seize the hawser to the ring, not too strongly, with marlin (called scowing the anchor).

It is fairly common for an anchor to foul some heavy mooring chain; heave in as far as you can and try to improvise something to hang the chain with. You may have a hook on board, or a dinghy's anchor, or possibly a boat-hook might serve. Then, if you let go your anchor, it may clear itself, but in a doubtful anchorage you would have been wiser to have fitted a buoy rope to the anchor.

If you have been able to hang the mooring chain and your anchor will still not clear, heave in the slack of the cable, lift off the gypsy, twist the cable half a turn and replace; go astern with the engine, lower anchor and try to heave in again. Repeat this several times putting another half-turn in the cable each time. If this does not succeed, try the same operation going ahead.

If the anchor is foul of a rock, manœuvre the ship with the engine and pull from different directions.

Tacking.—It is not ordinarily necessary nor desirable to keep the yacht extra full before tacking. Do not let the head sheets fly; as the ship comes head to wind haul in the slack of the weather jib sheet; let go the lee sheet when in the wind's eye; the moment she passes this point haul in what is now the lee sheet. Give one, and only one, sharp

tug, and belay quickly; have a standard number of turns and a standard way of making them. Ease away what is now the weather foresail sheet until the sail is in line with the mast, but do not let it go until the slack on the other side has been taken in. It is worth practising, and every motion should be standardized. When done correctly there will be time to get the foresail sheet right in before the full weight of wind is in it; no great strength is needed, only knack.

When tacking it does not ordinarily matter how much helm is given; just that amount which allows time to work the head sheets smartly is generally best.

If beating up a narrow harbour it is sometimes convenient to steady the helm when head to wind and thus shoot to windward, but you must be careful not to lose command. It is worth practising to see how far your ship will shoot before losing way; throw a bit of paper over the side for a mark. You can sometimes "shoot" and pay off on the same tack to avoid an obstruction, but you must know your ship.

If through bad weather, or other reasons, there is any doubt whether the ship will stay, the procedure must be rather more careful; keep the ship away about one point to get good way on; perhaps watch for a smooth. When ready to go about, in most yachts, the helm should be put hard over at once; as the helm is put over, ease the jib sheet, but keep some strain on it to prevent it flapping too violently. Be very careful not to haul over until the exact moment which is just after the ship has passed head to wind. Let draw the foresail when it is quite certain the ship has come round, but do not let the sail flog. If the ship gathers stern way reverse the helm. It will help if you can haul in a bit of the main sheet when the helm is put down; be careful to let it out again as soon as she is round or you will be likely to get in stays again.

To fetch an object when tacking, it should be about two points abaft the weather beam (in good conditions).

Gybing.—All yachtsmen have often gybed by mistake, and if one has to take a long spell at the helm in bad weather the most experienced seaman is likely to become tired and careless. It is generally best to keep the wind two or three points on the quarter so that the headsails are full.

Conditions under which a gybe would be dangerous should not be allowed to arise, except for some special reason. The mainsail should be reefed right down, and the sheet hauled well in until the boom is clear of the runners. In really bad weather it may be advisable to haul in the main sheet nearly as much as for sailing close-hauled, when the peak should be lowered a little (set up the topping lift). It may be possible to keep both runners set up, but this will depend on how far aft they lead. If a gybe should still be dangerous the mainsail should be lowered; the ship will run quite fast enough under headsails.

When gybing in moderate weather haul in the main sheet until the boom is well clear of the lee runner; set up the lee runner and ease the weather one; leave the end of the main sheet fast, but gather in the slack and ease the boom over. You may not be able to hold the rope and be careful not to skin your fingers.

In light winds it is often convenient to let go both runners

if you have to gybe frequently.

When reaching, ease off the sheet until the sails just lift, and then haul in a little.

When running for a long distance and the wind becomes too fresh to carry your large spinnaker it is a good plan to run out the balloon foresail on the spinnaker boom. When further reduction of sail is necessary reef the mainsail, even down to the close reef position, but keep the small "spinnaker" set. The ship will run much more steadily, and the steering will be much easier, if you keep something set on both sides. You may even stow the mainsail and leave the balloon foresail set across the deck with the tack about $\frac{1}{3}$ the way out of the spinnaker boom; but do not run too fast, see p. 125.

If you use a balloon foresail in this way you must remove any spring hooks which may be on it or they will surely catch in something aloft.

XXXII

SAIL HANDLING

The mainsail is best hoisted or lowered with the gaff horizontal. The topping lift, of course, must be set up first. It is, however, convenient at times when lowering the sail in a hurry or when coming to an anchorage to let go the throat halyard altogether. For a sudden squall it is better to let fly the peak. For lowering a mainsail at sea in bad weather see p. 123.

As an alternative to mast hoops a lacing can be fitted; a seizing is put on at each place where it passes through the eyelets. The lacing should go round and round the mast (not as advocated for a trysail lacing) and be lightly greased. The seizings are best put on from a bosun's chair with the sail hoisted. The lacing slacks as soon as you start to lower the sail and the seizing keeps each bight the right size so that it does not jamb.

A jib, if without furling gear, is best hoisted in stops when the wind is fresh. Lay the sail out flat; take the clew to the luff and then roll up the doubled edge; tie with 3 or 4 yarns.

A topsail is more easily hoisted or lowered on the weather side, but it sets best to leeward when the peak halyard does not interfere with the flow of the sail. Unless a leader is fitted it will sag to leeward in anything but a light air. The place to which the halyard should be attached to the yard must be found by experiment. If a jack yard is used the position for attaching the sheet must be found in the same way.

Spinnaker.—If you have a fitted boom haul it out first; having secured the sheet, hoist the sail and then haul out. If there are two of you, start hauling out before the sail is right up. If you are using an improvised boom secure the sail to the end of it and let it lie forward along the bowsprit; hoist the sail and then bring the boom into position; the helmsman can assist with the guy. In all cases of handling the spinnaker keep the ship dead before the wind or even a little by the lee.

When running with the spinnaker out, if you want to gybe in a hurry you can do so without any harm provided that

the spinnaker boom is well topped up so that the end will not catch in the water.

It is often useful to reduce canvas for a passing squall by dropping the foresail, but if you have any distance to go, shift jibs and reef the foresail, if necessary. All ships sail badly without a foresail; apparently it improves the flow of air on the lee side of the mainsail.

If your mainsail is not laced to the boom it is sometimes convenient to trice up the tack for a temporary reduction of sail.

XXXIII

FIRST AID

Every yacht should carry bandages, boracic lint and iodine. If you contemplate being out of reach of medical assistance for several days here is a reminder of some of the things you may want to take:

Roller bandages.	Iodine.
Gauzes or wound dressings.	Novocain eye drops.
Boracic lint.	Aspirin.
Opening medicine—Epsom's salts, castor oil.	Adhesive plaster.
Boracic powder.	Clinical thermometer.
Wych hazel ointment.	Enema.
	Bed pan.

There are numerous books on first aid, but a more comprehensive book is *The Ship Captain's Medical Guide*, published by H.M. Stationery Office.

Cuts.—Disinfect with iodine, then apply gauze and cotton wool, or lint, fluffy side out, and bandage. If the bleeding is serious lay the patient down and elevate the wound. Remove any tight clothing and press a pad over the wound. If the blood is coming out in spurts an artery is cut. Try and stop the bleeding by pressing on the artery above the wound. Try to improvise a tourniquet. If desperate, tie a piece of string round the limb and twist tight with a stick. A tourniquet must not be applied continuously for more than half an hour nor for more than a total of three hours. Try to find the severed end of the artery and tie it up with sterilized silk or thread.

If a cut festers, soak in hot boracic lotion (one teaspoonful of boracic crystals to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water) every four hours.

Fractures.—The important thing is that the broken end of the bone should not puncture the skin. Gently straighten the limb and lash it to an improvised splint. Get medical help to superintend landing the patient.

Sprains are torn or stretched muscle ligaments. Keep the affected part still and cover with cold-water bandages. If these do not relieve the pain try a hot-water bandage.

Dislocations.—Will one do further injury trying to get the joint back? Possibly, but one must try to reduce a dislocation. The shoulder is the most usual dislocation; try to reduce it by gentle manipulation. (Do not use force.) The same applies to the hip, which is more difficult.

Fingers can usually be reduced by traction.

If a man is knocked insensible, move him as little as possible and leave him lying down. Do not raise the head. Apply cold wet cloths to his forehead. If he bleeds from the ears his skull is likely to be damaged. If he has internal

injuries he will probably bleed from the mouth.

Burns.—Soaking in a solution of baking soda, one hand-ful to three gallons of water will relieve the pain. Then cover with clean cloths or lint soaked in olive oil. (In absence of olive oil mineral oil or butter). Blisters from a burn should be pricked by a needle sterilized by holding for a few moments over a flame. Then bandage with boracic (or other) ointment (or butter).

Rupture (Hernia), immediate medical attention of course, but if this is impossible for, say, 24 hours, lay the patient on his back and try to work the gut back by gentle pressure and manipulation; do not use force; whether it goes back or not keep patient on his back until you can get a doctor.

Fits.—Put a cork or wooden chock in his mouth to prevent the patient biting his tongue. He will recover without treatment but should be kept at rest for twenty-four hours.

Boils.—If you can see a dead hair in the middle pull it out. Twice daily wash round with cotton wool dipped in turpentine or antiseptic lotion. Cover with boracic lint and waterproof (? a piece of a sponge bag). A poultice or hot-water bottle applied to the boil will relieve the pain and hasten bursting. Do not squeeze.

Something in the Eye.—If blowing the opposite nostril has no success try opening and shutting the eye under water. Roll eyelid back over a match and make patient look up, down and sideways. Remove the body with a fragment of blotting paper. If still unsuccessful apply eye drops as directed on the bottle and try again.

Appendicitis generally sets in with a stomach ache below the navel; later the pain goes to the right side and lower down. If pressure with the fingers relieves the pain it is not appendicitis. If pressure increases pain this illness is probable. There will be a tender spot on the right side as large or possibly larger than a penny and moderate fever and vomiting. There may be diarrhoea, but usually constipation. Opening medicine would be the worst thing possible, so the general rule is never give opening medicine for a stomach ache. Keep patient still in bed and give no food nor water. Pack stomach with ice or cold cloths, but if pain is not cured a rubber hot-water bottle is often much more soothing, and use enema if bowels are not working. There is a fair chance of patient recovering without an operation.

Pneumonia sets in with a severe chill, intense pains in the side, high temperature and a cough. Keep in bed and feed on slops. Give brandy if strength fails.

Choking.—Hold the patient's nose with the left hand and pull the tongue forward. Try to withdraw the obstruction with the forefinger of the right hand. If it is a fishbone, try swallowing a piece of bread.

Toothache.—A piece of cotton wool soaked in creosote and placed in the cavity may stop the pain. Sip a thimbleful of neat spirit and hold against the tooth with the tongue. This may stop the pain temporarily. It is not necessary to swallow the spirit.

"Idle Speed, No Wake." How many times have you seen this notice and wondered which was required? All boats, when moving, create a wake of some sort. Our Sisu 26 idles at 2 knots and creates the same amount of wake at 4 knots. Of course, the "force" of the moving water in the wake is greater as the boat moves faster. I sometimes think that the prop creates more turbulent water behind the boat than the hull moving through the water.

Back in the '50s most outboards boats were flat bottomed with no deep V forward and could plane without much wake at all. When they came off the plane, the wake increased considerably. The current hull designs seem to create more wake when the boat is on a plane than the older designs did.

I asked some of the people I know in marine law enforcement about the tradeoff between speed and wake. The consensus of the responses was that, in most cases, the signs are posted in congested areas and the low speed allows more time for corrective action to be taken to avoid a collision or grounding. The "wake" part is more for the protection of the shoreline (and maybe someone's drinking glass on the table in the cabin).

At one time oil barges were pushed up the St. Marks River by oceangoing tugs. The tow (usually two barges) was disconnected at the junction of the St. Marks River and the Wakulla River and a single barge was pushed up to the dock for unloading. The barge/tug combination moved very slowly, but the surge of water created by the tug's prop wash had to be seen to be believed. The water level in the river seemed to drop a couple of feet as the tug went by and then come back up very swiftly.

What brought the above to mind are the signs posted along the roads at a development that is a golf cart community and the speed limit is 15mph. Since my car idles at 20mph, complying with the speed limit means riding the brake a bit more. A question you might



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

want to research is just how fast does your boat idle in calm water/no current (a GPS is a good tool for this) and how fast does your car run in idle on a flat road?

Back in February 2010 I pulled the heat exchanger for an overhaul and to have a corroded fitting fixed. When putting things back together, I purchased new gaskets for the ends of the exchanger. The replacement gaskets from the engine manufacturer were thinner and slightly smaller in diameter from the gaskets that had been used on the heat exchanger. I put on the new gaskets and tightened everything down to spec. Since I seldom throw boat parts away, the old gaskets went into my "maybe later" storage box.

While working on my current cooling system problem, I noticed that the "weep" around the gaskets on the heat exchanger had become worse and decided to replace the gaskets. Since the engine is beyond warranty (being some 27 years old), I went to the local rubber supply store with one of my older gaskets and asked for two new ones of the same diameter and thickness. For one dollar (\$1) I had two replacement gaskets and used them when I put the heat exchanger back together this time.

Florida used to register all watercraft during one month each year. Along the way the law was changed to register watercraft during the owner's birth month. The change

spread the registration process out over the year and stopped the "bottleneck" of registration processing during the one month.

The change also took away the "snapshot" of total boats registered in Florida. One of the interesting items in Florida's vessel registration law is the exemption for antique vessels. The law is found in Section 327.25(2)(a) FS. The three key criteria for the exemption are:

1. Powered by its original type power plant.
2. Used for non-commercial purposes.
3. Vessel must be at least 30 years old.

My Sisu 26 does not quite meet the age requirement (although both of our cars meet the requirements for an antique tag in Florida). But it has the original power plant and is not used for commercial purposes. While I would not be paying the registration fee based on the length of the boat (if you ever wondered about the number of boats under 26' LOA, take a look at the fee increase for the next size up), I would be paying a service fee each year to get the decal. It is a thought, however, for a few years from now.

We know people on both coasts who are into serious cruising. In both cases we can follow their progress (when their system sends a signal to the internet reporting program). One system tracks the specified boat and is found at:

<http://www.winlink.org/dotnet/maps/PositionReportsDetail.aspx?callsign=>

You put in the call sign of the boat you want to track and the system reports thereon. The other system:

<http://www.marinetraffic.com/ais/> is more generic. It reports on all vessels' signals received.

The "marinetraffic" program brings up the world and you select the area. The "winlink" program is vessel specific and will not let you browse. Both are interesting tools for the armchair sailor.

We had arranged an outing for a group of seven boats, catboats, Welsford boats, a Sea Pearl and my melonseed *Pepita*. We would start from Dame's Quarters, cross the Wicomico River and the Nanticoke for a lunch stop and then sail across Fishing Bay to Goose Creek, not far from Hooper Strait. It was going to blow strong so I decided not to use my regular gaff rig, but to go with a leg o' mutton rig from a slightly narrower boat. My other boat is a foot narrower, the rig has only two-thirds of the sail area.

During the first five miles of our trip it was blowing strong enough so that I was glad to be reefed, even with my smaller sail, but soon it lightened up enough so that I could shake out a reef. As I came into Clay Island under full sail, the wind was fairly strong but not all that strong. I heard a crack right at the gooseneck and my fine birdsmouth hollow Douglas fir mast came tumbling down. "Just wait until I get my hands on that mast builder, that's right, it's me." I paddled ashore in a jumble of mast and sail. The brain trust gathered around my stricken boat and began to minister to her needs.

The mast had broken fairly low and there was plenty of length left, so we decided to re-step the shortened spar and tie a reef in the sail. It wasn't a handsome repair, but it would get me back. The boom lay on deck and I was able to tack just by passing the boom over my

Jury Rig

By Mike Wick


Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

head. It didn't need a mainsheet at all. Thus we went on to Goose Creek to anchor in the lee of Ruben Point for the night. It was a merry crowd, we ate and drank well.

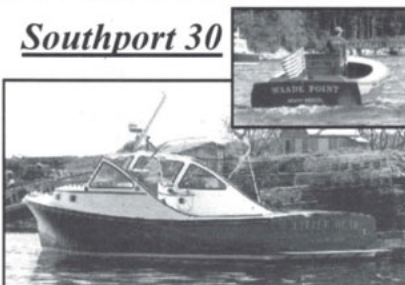
Next morning brought light winds but a weather report predicted more wind in the afternoon. I got up early to catch as much of the calm as I could while my partners came along behind. The boat wasn't great for pointing, but I was just able to weather Clay Island before the wind picked up. It was a wet reach to Dames Quarters and then Pete's Marshcat towed me upriver to near the launch, then his outboard ran out of gas. I tried to row but could barely move upwind, so I anchored in the channel and was scratching my head wondering what I would do next when a passing speedboat saw my plight and gave me a final lift to the ramp. Good thing, too, because I had had a full day and was ready to trailer my boat home.

I was pleased with my 20-mile passage completed three-quarters of the way under jury rig but wondered what had gone wrong. There must have been a fault in my mast, but

I had used it for many miles on another boat. Especially when unstayed masts are concerned, we concluded that we can't trade rigs between narrow and beamy boats.



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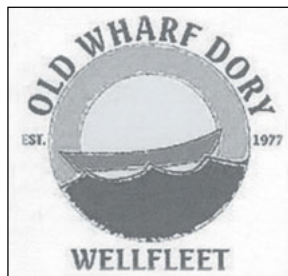
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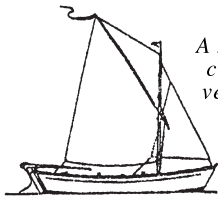


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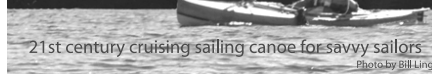


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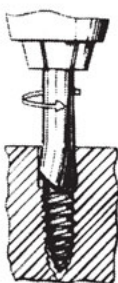
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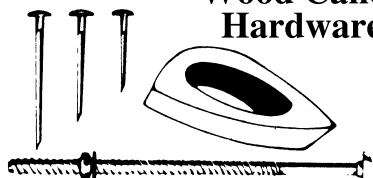
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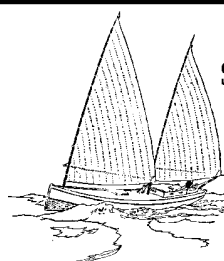
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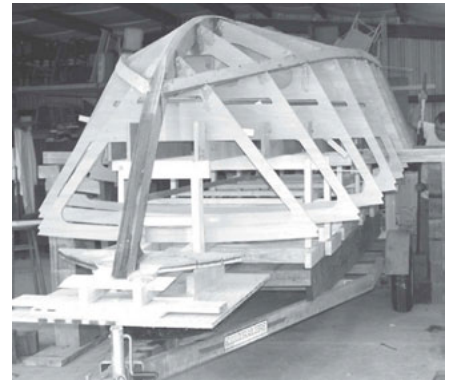


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17' O'Day Daysailer, bought sight unseen but way too big for me to use. I am used to canoes & kayaks. W/main & jib, trlr, rudder, c/b, etc. No motor, none came with it. Hull is red. On a scale of 1-10 it is a 7-8. Previous owner kept it covered outside but some rain got in (and drained out) so it needs to be washed up. Google "17' O'Day Sailboat" to see pictures. I will sell it dirt cheap to pass it on & get it off my property. \$450 firm and you can sail it away. JIM POLLES, Bethlehem, PA, (610) 442-7410, aeronca52@gmail.com (9)

17' Folbot, w/custom lateen sail rig, 2 leeboards, rudder-tiller. Everything in gd cond. \$300 takes all! JIM TOMKINS, jtboatworks@gmail.com (9)

Enigma 12, Matt Layden designed, simple race winning beach cruiser. Professionally built, 85% complete. Incl trlr & spruce stock for spars. Health forces sale. DON MCGREGOR, Ft. Pierce, FL, (772) 332-8689. (9)



Bartender 22 Frame Kit, almost ready for planking w/plans & instructions. This can be moved on a boat trailer with 2 2"x12"x16" planks under it, (we have done it). Located in south Georgia near I-75. \$2,200obo. Also 30 sheets of 3/8" marine plywood BS 1088. \$40/sheet located NW Florida. Email for more info.

DAN HOUSTON, Santa Rosa Beach, FL, (850) 499-5200, sportboat16@hotmail.com (8) (P)



25' Rhodes Meridian, '61 classic Hull #8, constructed in Amsterdam, Holland. Awesome coastal cruiser. Bullet proof hull, 6' headroom, berths & head. Wood mast, lines, paint and sails (1 set fully battened & 1 set classic). Recent. 5hp Tohatsu & trlr, many extras. Stored undercover. Must sell, health. \$15,000 firm.

MARK PICURRO, ME, (207) 244-4311. (8) (P)



Bolger Birdwatcher 2. Solent lug rig w/jib. Constructed w/Philippine mahogany framing, coke bottle green Lexan house. West System® epoxy. Sailrite sails in exc cond. '09 aluminum Road King trlr & 2hp Honda o/b. Featured in May/June '11 issue of *Small Craft Advisor*. \$9,500.

REX PAYNE, Spring Hill, FL, cell (317) 626-1973, rkpayne96@yahoo.com (8)

O'Day 23 Sailboat, '84. 1 owner. Comes w/cradle, Johnson 9.9 w/inboard controls, mainsail & 4 headsails, anchor & rode, porta-potti, sleeps 4. Vy gd cond inside & out. In water on Lake Sunapee in NH. Asking \$5,500. Slip available for 2012 season at favorable rate.

CRAIG LEWIS, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-5930, craig.lewis@fleckandlewis.com (8)



'66 O'Day Javelin, restored, in vy gd cond. FG hull, decks & seats; galv steel c/b, kick-up rudder, new mahogany tiller & extender finished bright; oars & oar locks, sails; crisp Snipe main & Javelin working jib. Detachable o/b bracket, mooring cover. New Unipox bottom paint. Old, sturdy Mastercraft trlr w/new bearings & bearing buddies (no papers). 4hp Evinrude long shaft incl. Located on Lake Candlewood, New Milford, CT. Asking \$1,200. Call for additional details. BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-8048, capseaweed@hotmail.com (8) (P)

George Hinterhoeller Dinghy, (became C&C yachts), fg, 13'6"loa x 56" beam. Believed to be built in '67 (from hull serial number). Not the prettiest or lightest boat, but vy gd sailer. Positive flotation in seats & bow. New balsa core & fg/epoxy inside bottom. Aluminum mast & boom. Perfect trainer or just for messing about. Sails in gd usable cond, a couple of minor sail repairs may be needed eventually, nothing major, can be sailed as is. Water ready. No trlr. \$850. **10' Rowing/Sailing Skiff**, built from Clarkcraft PB-17 (Packette 10) plans approx. 40 years ago. Nice looking simple & light. 9'4"loa x 4'6" beam. Fir ply finished bright inside & paint outside, epoxy coated inside and out, glassed seams. Have sails aluminum mast, bright finished boom, & oars. VGC ready to go. \$775. **9'8" Rowing Skiff**, scaled down Weekend Skiff. Meranti ply & glass/epoxy covered. Black paint outside, bright inside. Boat only, no oars. \$425. Lots of years left in all these boats. Delivery possible within a hundred miles or so with pre-payment. GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY (Buffalo area), (716) 681-1315, grundy@fantasiadesign.com

'05 Bristol Skiff, w/30hp Mercury 4-stroke + trlr. \$12,600. **15' Dynamite Skiff**, Bolger design w/15hp Suzuki. \$450. **17' Class A Catamaran**, marine plywood, 29' mast, fully battened North sail, 195lbs. \$1,000. **DN Iceboat**, w/Saltonstall mast & Pope sail + wooden mast w/Bower sail. \$1,500. **Force Five**. \$450. TOM WITHROW, Wilton, ME, (207) 645-2319. (8)



16' Pulling Boat, marine plywood planked. Made from Whisp plans. Double oak gunwales w/spacers, Shaw & Tenney cane seats & 7'oars w/leathers. Tlr incl. \$1,200. MALCOLM HALL, Cherry Tree, PA, (814) 743-5258, macknme@pennwoods.net (8) (P)



Whisp, 15.5' long ultralight designed by Steve Redmond. Built of 4mm & 6mm occume plywood, Sitka spruce, ash, western red cedar, oak, birch & southern yellow pine. Standard & push/pull tillers. Oars. Cover. Sitka mast & boom. Wheeled cart to move on land. Can be cartopped. Silicon bronze fastenings. Bottom & garboard coated with Dynel fabric set in epoxy. System 3 epoxy encapsulation & LPU paint. Funnoodle flotation. SailRite kit sail. Leeboard hardware by Springfield Fan Centerboard Company. Will also take electric o/b. Hull weighs 75 lbs. Gd cond. \$1,250. Photos available by email. Pictured sailing reefed. STEVE LANSDOWNE, Austin, TX, slansdowne@sbcglobal.net (8) (P)



19' Bartender, classic planing powerboat designed by George Calkins in as-new cond. Completed during the winter '08-'09 by Bill Childs of Bartender Boats, Bellingham WA. Double-ended hull 19' overall, mahogany frames & backbone, fir/epoxy hull & self-bailing decks, custom raised foredeck & safety glass windows, instrument/steering dashboard. Comfortable viewing for drivers 6' & over. Less than 60 hours on '10 4-stroke 50hp Honda OB (installed by Bill at Bartender) w/ twin Honda day tanks, fuel selector valve, in-line filter/water separator & spare Honda tank. Custom Sunbrella top w/ side windows and full zip-on stern deck cover by Boates Canvas, North Vancouver BC (the best!). Hull & topsides protected w/EasyPoxy coatings. All cleats, fittings etc are s/s. Incl safety equipment (fire extinguisher, flares, lifejackets), custom tie-up lines, fenders & lots of spares (tool kit, fuel & oil filters etc.). Also incl a licensed Calkins trailer w/new submersible LED lights & wiring harness. Winter stored in fully-enclosed shelter. All in 1st class cond. The finest Bartender 19. \$13,800. DAVID, W. Vancouver, BC, david@eagleharbour.com (8) (P)



Coot 27' William Atkin Skipjack Schooner, vy gd cond. Marconi main, gaff fore, jib on a furler. Atomic-2 low hours. 2 burners & a sink, head. Sails older but in vgc. Spruce spars & mast. Mast may need refinishing. Steel cradle. Lots of extras. Stable, seaworthy, a beautiful sailer. Asking \$9,500. Located Buffalo, NY. GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, (716) 681-1315, grundy@fantasiadesign.com (TF) (P)

14' '56 Chris Craft Barracuda Runabout, plywood kit boat. Hull sound & dry, 90% original hardware. Vy gd cond. '56 Johnson 30hp OB runs well, original 6gal gas tank. '52 Taggen trlr. \$4,500obo. **12' Teal Sailboat**, Harold Payson Instant Boat, Phil Bolger design. Grt cond, w/mast, sail, rudder, cb, oar locks. \$450. BOB SALTZMAN, DE, (302) 537-4286, (302) 841-8418, docpropsretired@aol.com. (8)

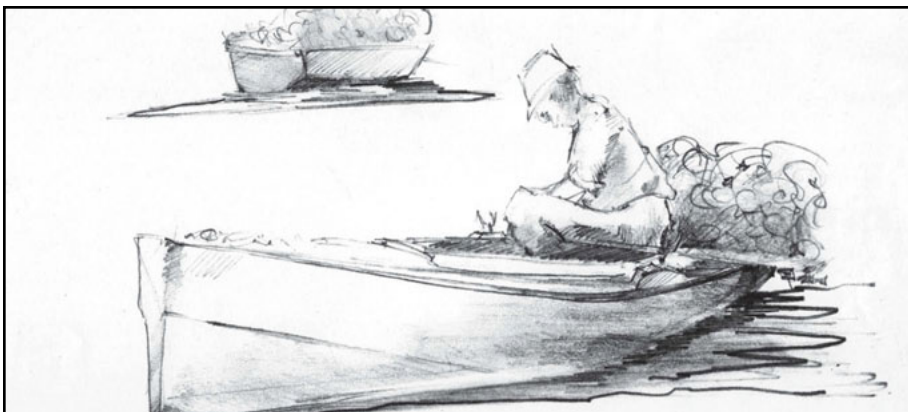


22' Marshall, '72, for sale by 2nd owner. 22hp Palmer gas engine runs like well oiled sewing machine, looks terrible. Open layout below, all gear, been to Maine and Chesapeake Bay more than once. Located in Bricktown, NJ. \$17,500. Due to my health and age my honey must go. BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742, (732) 295-1590, (732) 814-1737. (8) (P)

Cheers C&C 24 Competition Model, '77 in storage for years I'm 2nd owner. Vy gd cond w/new Johnson 9.9ob, new rigging, new cushions. Sails in gd cond, spinnaker, main, jib w/new Harken roller furling. Pictures, list of equipment & the original owner's manual. Reluctant sale due to my health condition. Spring price before launching \$12,500. **16' '10 Wenonah Adirondack Canoe**, tandem touring model Maine Guide recommended, new, never used. Cost \$1,295, sell for \$995. MERV TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (8)

1953 Lippincott Comet #3216, refinished '01. True cream puff competitive lightweight Comet. Original spruce mast & boom. Mast has aluminum tube aft for bolt rope & is fitted w/shortened Star spreaders, as it is a 7-stay rig. Teflon coated aluminum c/b, Dunkleberger traveler, faired mahogany rudder, 1 suit Beaton in vy gd cond, custom lift-off trailer w/big '36 Ford spoke wheels, rigged & unrigged covers. Stored outside only during sailing season; always stored inside since '04. Has won a cabinet full of silver incl the Stone Trophy at '67 Internationals & Fleet 167 championship several times. Chesapeake green hull, cream deck, varnished interior. A true 9 out of 10. \$2,200. HERB CLARK, (315) 963-8210, arabella_81@hotmail.com (8)

Com-Pac 16 '79 F/G Sailboat, w/tilt-trlr ('87). Both in gd+ cond, trlr road ready w/new bearings. Cuddy cabin w/room for 2 to sleep. Good sails (main, jennie & spinnaker) & rigging. Stubby keel (works fine on our shallow lake). Vy Stable. To see specs: Google "Com-Pac 16 Specifications". Dark blue w/white deck. Ready to sail. Asking \$3,100 OBRO, a vy reasonable price for this class w/many similar going for over \$5K. Located on lake in Freedom NH 40 miles due west of Portland, ME. I can arrange delivery for a reasonable distance. Email me for pictures. Check out Com-Pac 16 boats on the internet. It is a fun boat vy easy to load & tow. This model has become almost a cult classic. Many Com-Pac 16s were made and there are a lot of very helpful owners active on the internet, some areas have active sailing clubs. Unfortunately, I am too old to sail anymore. SCOTT CUNNINGHAM, (917) 374-0946, scottcfreedom@aol.com. (8)



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